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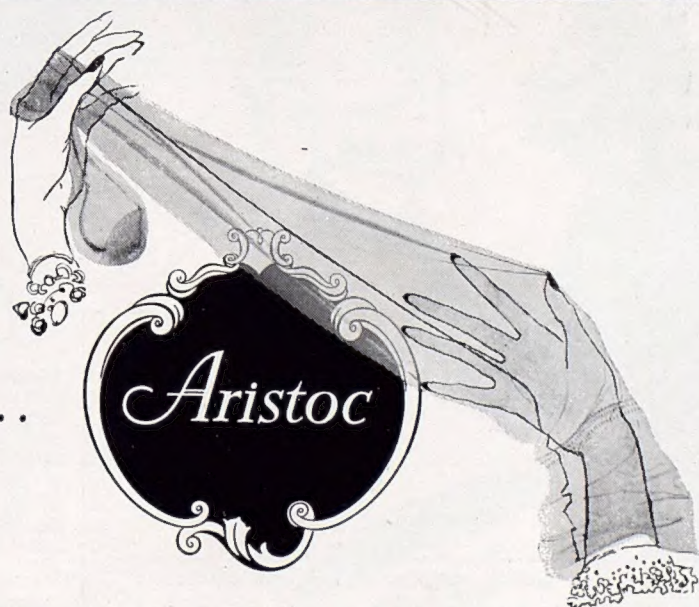
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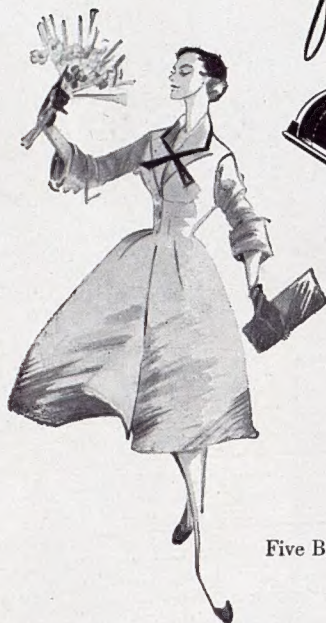


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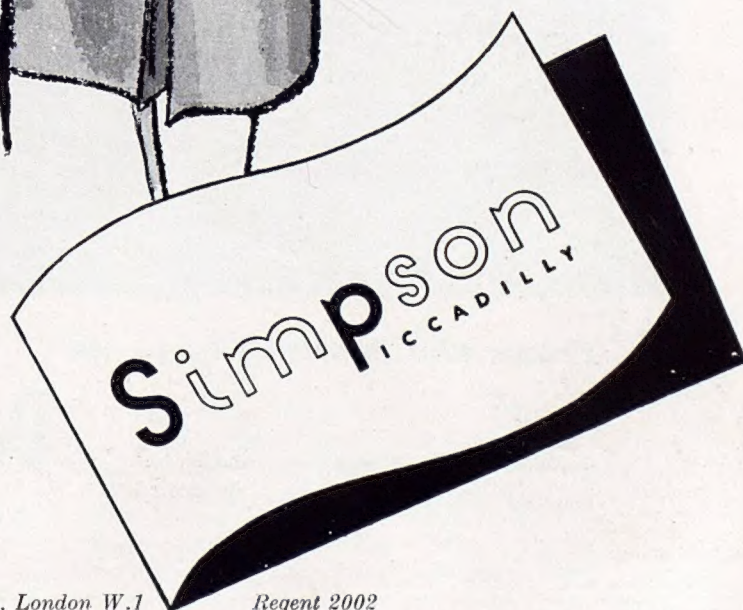
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MAR. 31
1954

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Armstrong Jones

BRIDE WHOSE CHARM SYMBOLIZED SPRING

IN the heart of Kent, rich with the promise of spring, Miss Camilla Grinling made an ideal picture of a bride when she married Mr. Jeremy Fry at Tunbridge Wells. Both young people are very artistic, Mr. Fry being a student of décor and Miss Grinling inheriting a full measure of her family's traditional skill, which goes back to Grinling Gibbons. Jennifer describes the wedding with more pictures on pages 586-7

FOLLOWERS OF THE BICESTER DANCED TILL THREE AT TUSMORE PARK

THREE hundred followers and friends of the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt drove through rain-soaked parkland to attend the annual ball at Tusmore Park, the beautiful home of Lord Bicester. Many leading Oxfordshire personalities were present, and dancing continued until three a.m., when the gathering broke up, their regret tempered with the memory of a delightful evening



The Hon. Elizabeth James, daughter of Lord Northbourne, had just finished a waltz with Mr. Bernard Kelly



Whaddon Chase followers, Mr. and Mrs. Reay Geddes, were talking in the library before dancing began



Mr. J. Smith, Lord Bicester's grandson, partnering Miss Veronica Rutledge, from Mayo, Ireland



Lord and Lady Bicester, by whose courtesy the event was given at Tusmore Park, standing in the ballroom beneath an Italian oil painting entitled "The Madonna of the Meadows"



The Hon. Randal Smith, eldest son of Lord Picester, was chatting with his wife and Miss Joyce Tomkinson



A difficult point of hunting etiquette was being discussed by Mrs. Michael Stratton and Mr. Spencer Summers



Mr. R. Spiers, of the Christ Church and New College Beagles, was seated with Mrs. Spiers before an heraldic tapestry



Sitting out in one of the ante-rooms were Mrs. and Major R. B. Verney and Mr. P. M. Weatherby



The Hon. Mrs. Bowlby, Mrs. Hereward Wake and Major Hereward Wake were sharing a joke



By the buffet Miss Cylla Mount was having an amusing chat with the Hon. Christopher James, son and heir of Lord Northbourne, and Miss Katharine Worsley



A POSY OF BRIDESMAIDS, suitably serious after performing their important duties, were talking over their experiences. Clearly voicing a point which impressed her was Sally Colegrave, and giving it due consideration were Amber Cumberbatch, Norah Bench and Tessa Kirwan-Taylor. The occasion was the wedding reception of Mr. Jeremy Fry and Miss Camilla Grinling which, with the ceremony, is described below

Social Journal

Jennifer

Lilac Bloom Decked Kent Wedding

MANY friends motored down from London, and others came from all parts of the Home Counties, to the wedding of Mr. Jeremy Fry, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Fry, of Frenchay, and Miss Camilla Grinling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Grinling, of Wadhurst, Sussex. The service took place in St. Augustine's Church, Tunbridge Wells, where large vases of pale pink gladioli, white lilac, and arum lilies with dark green foliage stood on each side of the altar, while vases of pink and white tulips and other spring flowers were beautifully arranged on each window ledge round the church.

The service was brief, as the bridegroom is not a

Roman Catholic. It was conducted by Dom Hubert Van Zellar, who gave a very sincere address. He is one of the most brilliant of the Benedictine monks, and a distinguished writer. During the signing of the register the beautiful anthem "Panis Angelicus" was sung.

THE bride, who looked lovely, was given away by her father, and wore a dress of white guipure lace appliquéd on white tulle, her short tulle veil being held in place by a circlet of orange blossom. She was attended by eight little bridesmaids, her cousins Sabina Grinling and Annafia Grinling, with Tessa Kirwan-Taylor, Norah Bench, Amber Cumberbatch, Sarah Emsley Carr, Patricia Murray and Sally Colegrave, whose little twin brother, Bill Colegrave, was also at the reception.

They were the best behaved child bridesmaids I have ever seen, both at the wedding and the reception, and wore enchanting long, very plain dresses of white organza over pale pink taffeta, with wreaths and posies of pale pink flowers. On their wrists were little chain bracelets, a present from the bridegroom. Mr. Peter Saunders was best man. The ushers, who were busily employed as the church and gallery were full, included the bride's cousins, Mr. Dane Douetil and Mr. Peter Thellusson, with Mr. Nicholas Holloway, Mr. Andy Garnett, Mr. Dominic Elwes and Mr. Anthony Tennant, whose fiancée, Miss Rosemary Stockdale, was also at the wedding. They plan to get married in July.

AFTER the service, the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Grinling, the latter in a black and white printed silk suit and black hat lined with red, held a reception at their delightful home, Fair Court, at Wadhurst. They received the guests with the bridegroom's sister, Mrs. Charles Robertson, and his brother, Mr. David Fry. Among friends who came to wish the young couple happiness were Prince and Princess Weikersheim, Mr. and Mrs. John Kirwan-Taylor, whose little daughter Tessa was one of the bridesmaids, his elder daughter, Miss Fleur Kirwan-Taylor (whose leg was still in plaster, as the result of a skiing accident), and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kirwan-Taylor.

I also saw Capt. "Kelpie" Buchanan and his wife, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, Mrs.



Four of the guests at Fair Court, standing by one of the fascinating murals painted by the host, Mr. Geoffrey Grinling. They were Miss Rosemary Stockdale, Mr. Michael Allom, Mr. Anthony Tennant and Mrs. Peter Kirwan-Taylor



Miss Susan Mills and Mr. Bill Reeves were going round looking at the presents

Millar, who had motored down from London with her son, Mr. John Millar, who makes his home in Rhode Island, U.S.A., and had only just arrived back from a week's holiday in the South of France, Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Tucket, who had motored over from Tonbridge with their daughter Jill, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Forsyth and their débutante daughter Lindsay, Mr. Derek Bligh and Mrs. John Brice, just back from Jamaica and looking very bronzed and pretty in navy blue. Her little daughter, Sabina Grinling, was among the bridesmaids.

Mrs. Ezra was there, looking very chic in grey with a small white hat, with her daughter Ruth, also Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hordern, the Hon. David and Mrs. St. Clair Erskine, who are near neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Emsley Carr, whose small daughter Sarah was another of the bridesmaids, and Cdr. and Mrs. Ommaney

MANY members of the big Grinling family were at the wedding. They all descend from the great Grinling Gibbons and several of them have inherited his artistic talent. The bride's sister, Miss Susan Grinling, in a green dress and jacket with a little black hat, was there, also her grandmother, Mrs. Harry Grinling, good-looking in a green ensemble and meeting many friends. Other of the bride's relations present were her great-aunt, Mrs. Sydney Grinling, her uncles, Mr. Pat and Mr. Byng Grinling with their wives, and her aunts, Mrs. Philip Douetil and Mrs. Millar. Also present were the bridegroom's uncle, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Fry, Mr. John Causton and Mr. Tony Grinling, the brilliant sculptor of wood, and his wife. Among the very large number of younger people I saw the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, Mr. Peter Glossop, the Hon. John St. Aubyn, the Hon. John Siddeley and Mr. David Gladstone.

Guests were able to see the wonderful collection of wedding presents the young couple had received, which completely filled one room. They received many cheques as well.

After they had cut their wedding cake, Mr. Stephen Benson proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, to which the latter replied briefly. Later they were given a rousing send-off as they left for their honeymoon, which is being spent in Rome, the bride wearing a long pink coat and a little cap to match.

★ ★ ★

THE Mayor of Westminster and Mrs. Russell received the guests at an evening reception they gave with the Aldermen and Councillors of the City of Westminster at the Savoy Hotel. Several hundred friends attended and had an enjoyable evening, with soft music playing, and a running buffet. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Sir Noel and Lady Bowater, were present, and the Mayors of many of the Metropolitan Boroughs brought their Mayoresses. The

Lord Chancellor and Lady Simonds were fairly early arrivals, as was Marie Marchioness of Willingdon.

Countess Howe, looking charming in black, was having a long talk to Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick and Lady Bowhill. The latter is a keen worker for the King George's Fund for Sailors, for which, incidentally, there is a ball at the Dorchester on June 11, when Princess Margaret will be present. Lady Howe was saying how much she and Earl Howe are enjoying their new home in Curzon Street, which is a house in place of the flat they had before. The Howes are both excellent citizens of Westminster and have done a lot for the Mayfair district of the borough, including helping to get the Mayfair Association formed and being largely instrumental in having a post office rebuilt in Curzon Street to replace one destroyed by a bomb during the war. The U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, who was in a dress of emerald green faille, were talking to their host and hostess for some time, and also to the Portuguese Ambassador.

Members of Parliament there included Sir Jocelyn Lucas looking very fit, W/Cdr. Norman Hulbert, M.P. for Stockport North, and Mrs. Hulbert, who were meeting many friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Howard. He is an extremely busy man as not only is he the very active and efficient M.P. for Cambridgeshire, but also a much-sought-after barrister. Sir Harold Webbe, M.P. for the Cities of London and Westminster, was another guest at the party.

COL. CHARLES NORTON, one of the Westminster Councillors, was busy looking after guests. His wife told me about the Rose Ball which is to take place at Grosvenor House on June 2 (Derby night). This is a revival of a prewar Ball, and the Committee decided to feel their way quietly this year and keep it to just three hundred, so they decided to hold it in the small room at Grosvenor House. At the end of the first meeting it was found they had already sold the three hundred tickets, and they are now having to turn away applications. As this revival, at which the Duchess of Kent is to be present, is having such great preliminary success, the Committee plan to give a much bigger ball next year, when it is hoped that no one will be disappointed through not getting tickets.

Mrs. Norton was talking to Sir Otto and Lady Lund. Sir Otto looking exceedingly well had just returned from a flying visit to the Bahamas and West Indies, where he had had a most successful tour on behalf of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Lord Courtauld-Thomson, the Hon. Greville and Mrs. Howard, Sir John and Lady Hodsall, Mr. Douglas Overall and his wife, who was in beige satin with long emerald green gloves, Sir Sydney Giller, Mrs. Fenwicke, Sir Howard and Lady Roberts and Viscount Woolton were also among the company.

(Continued overleaf)



Also very interested in the beautiful display of wedding gifts on view were Mr. and Mrs. John Hancock



The host's nephew, Mr. Dane Douetil, was chatting on the terrace after the rain with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Briggs



The Marchioness of Willingdon talking to Brig. A. J. M. Wilton (left) and Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P.



Van Hallan

The Mayor And Mayoress Of Westminster Received
Waiting to welcome the first-comers at the very pleasant and successful reception they gave were the Mayor of Westminster, Alderman Charles P. Russell, and Mrs. Russell, accompanied by the Mace Bearer



Lady and Sir Otto Lund were enjoying an apéritif with Mrs. Charles Norton

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Ambassadors Chose Their Wines

MANY members of the Diplomatic Corps came along to the small wine tasting party given by Mr. Brandt of Smith and Hoey, who specialize in wines for the Embassies. In one room were the red and white wines of Bordeaux, and Burgundy, Swiss wines, Moselles and Rhine wines, while in the adjoining room was champagne and a selection of sherries. The object of the party was for guests to be able to choose, from a large selection, wines they would like for their own use and their official entertaining.

The Dominican Republic's Ambassador, Señor Don Luis Logrono Cohen, and the Nicaraguan Ambassador, Señor Dr. Don Rubén Darió, were two early arrivals. The Swiss Minister, Monsieur Torrenté, came along, and the Icelandic Minister, M. Agnar Jonsson. I met, too, Mr. John Patterson of the American Embassy, and Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hood—the latter is Cultural Attaché at the Venezuelan Embassy—who were both enjoying the big selection of sherries.

brisk trade outside a Coventry Street restaurant where hundreds of pedestrians were hurrying in to lunch.

Lady Lumley-Smith and her associates operated from the Overseas League off St. James's Street, while Mrs. Desmond Reid and her helpers in Oxford Street had their depot at Marshall and Snelgrove and I saw Mrs. Ian Mactaggart coping magnificently in the icy cold outside Abbey House in Westminster.

In Trafalgar Square there were many flag-sellers from the Boreham Wood depot of the R.N.L.I., while those from Lifeboat House were all out collecting in the Victoria district.

The next important event to be run by the Central London district of the R.N.L.I. will be the annual bridge and canasta party in the autumn, which is followed a few weeks later by the Lifeboat Ball.

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THE Royal National Lifeboat Institution is one of the most devoted organizations in the country, and members of the lifeboat crews, who are all volunteers, risk their lives in all weathers, any time of the day or night, to save the lives of their fellow men and women. It was good, therefore, to see so many helpers turn out to sell flags for this excellent cause on one of the coldest days of the year, with an icy east wind cutting through the streets. Happily a splendid sum was raised by their efforts.

Countess Howe was once again in charge of the organization for the Central London Branch, and was herself outside the Mansion House at the depot which supplied the City flag sellers, who included her daughter-in-law, Lady Georgiana Curzon. Mrs. Gilbert Mansell was in charge of the depot at the Berkeley, but spent much of the day outside selling. Her helpers in the Piccadilly sector included Mrs. Derek Hague, Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie and Mrs. Nicholas Pease. As I passed at lunchtime, I saw Mrs. John Greenish doing a

ENTERTAINING is undoubtedly an art. Some hostesses arrange parties weeks ahead, fuss and worry, and spend a lot of money, but the outcome is often heavy and dull. Others who have the gifts of intelligence and gaiety which so frequently go together, plan a party spontaneously. They, too, go into every detail to make the event a success, but they do it with zest and original ideas, with the result that the party is light and gay, and the greatest possible fun.

Mme. Zulficar, who is such a warm-hearted, vivacious personality, comes into the second category and friends always hope to be asked to her parties. Recently, when she had her charming cousin, Mme. Melek Dramally, staying with her in her lovely Belgrave Square home, she suddenly decided to give a party in her honour two days later. Telephones rang and soon sixty-five friends had accepted the invitation to come and dine, but before the day of the party so many of these guests had rung up to ask if they could bring a friend that eventually the list grew to eighty-five. Mme. Zulficar wore a long, full-skirted chalk-white slipper satin dress with a small piece of black velvet



Mrs. and Mr. J. S. P. Armstrong talking to Lady Bowhill and Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill

on the bodice, from Jacques Fath. Since returning from Egypt in the New Year, she has been out ski-ing in Switzerland, first at Gstaad, where she stayed with Baron and Baroness Bentinck, the Dutch Ambassador to Switzerland, who had taken a chalet there, and later at Arosa. Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, whom I met at the party, had also been staying at Gstaad.

GUESTS assembled in the first-floor drawing-room and morning-room, before they descended to dinner, for which a large table had been arranged in the middle of the dining-room. On this were delicious dishes, both hot and cold, from which guests helped themselves before going to their places at the smaller candle-lit tables, which were covered with pale green silk damask tablecloths, arranged around the room and out in the hall. The menu included several specialities such as Russian Pirotskies, a small pasty filled with chopped meat and egg and herbs served with the Borstch. Among the sweets one I noted particularly was the Egyptian Beklava, a delicious form of Strudel made with honey and butter and filled with a fruit conserve.

The Lebanese Ambassador and his charming sister, Mlle. Khouri, were among those enjoying the party, also Señor Bengolea, who is Counsellor-Secretary at the Argentine Embassy, Signor Alessandro Farace, the Marchese and Marchesa Theodali of the Italian Embassy, Mr. Bobbie Nothman, a popular personality at the Brazilian Embassy for many years, and the Marqués de Alcantara of the Spanish Embassy. The French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli were disappointed they could not come, but they had to attend another function that evening.

Several M.P.s also had to miss the party as their duties in the House kept them busy. These included Mr. Anthony Nutting, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Buchan-Hepburn, the Government Chief Whip, whose wife came on her own and wore a striking black and white organza stole over her black dress.

Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, who brought her young half-sister, Signorina Marinella Malagola, was joined by Mr. Peter Thorneycroft just before the end of dinner. He had come on from the House of Commons without changing.

AFTER dinner guests danced in the spacious drawing-room, while others sat in small groups chatting happily. Sir Frank and Lady Roberts, always two of the most entertaining and interesting guests at any party, were being sought out by friends wishing to hear of their recent travels, and Major and Mrs. Stanley Cayzer were having a long talk to the hostess's cousin, Madame Dramally. Nearby was Countess Tolinar, wearing a striking paper taffeta crinoline in a floral design. I also met General and Mrs. Stone, Major and Mrs. Bryan Gibbs, the latter wearing a most beautiful pink satin dress heavily beaded and embroidered, and a lovely necklace, and Mr. Geoffrey Keating, who was in great spirits and like all the other guests thoroughly enjoying this spontaneous party, one of the most enjoyable given for many weeks.

★ ★ ★

LADY PATRICIA LENNOX-BOYD has kindly lent her home, 34 Chapel Street, S.W.1, for an "Easter Bonnet Fair," which is to take place from 3-6 p.m. on April 7. Lady Patricia is President, and the Duchess of Rutland Chairman, of the Fair, which is being arranged in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind and the British Empire Society for the Blind. Not only will spring hats be on sale, but also many other articles suitable for Easter gifts.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE heard from Elizabeth Countess of Bandon, that she and Lady Mary Campbell are to be joint hostesses with a young committee for an invitation subscription dance to be held at the May Fair Hotel on April 27. It is not a charity dance, and the tickets are being kept to the very reasonable price of one guinea. The idea is that after their first season, girls do not get asked to quite so many private dances, and this will give them all an opportunity to meet most of their friends without any great cost to anyone, and to enjoy a good dance just before the London season really gets into full swing. Elizabeth Countess of Bandon, Padworth House, nr. Reading, Berks, is dealing with the invitations and tickets.



Mr. J. H. Farmiloe, the point-to-point rider, was reckoning up form with the Hon. G. S. Borwick, second son of Lord Borwick, and Mrs. Farmiloe

'CHASERS WERE IN GOOD FETTLE at Newbury, despite somewhat sticky going, and racegoers turned out in large numbers on both days. Supporters of the staunch St. Coleman were well satisfied when he won the Foxhill Cup, the third hunters event he has won in a row



Mrs. George Philippi and Mrs. Hugh Rose were on their way to take up stations in the grandstand



Mr. and Mrs. Roy Beddington, who had come over from neighbouring Hampshire, were discussing the card



With thirty-six entries in the first race on the second day, the problem of selection became complicated. It was here being resolved by Mrs. J. Lockwood and Capt. and Mrs. E. I. M. Herbert



Miss Priscilla Covell, Mr. Tony Bates, Miss Tessa Covell and Miss Angela Covell with the cup won by Mr. E. H. Covell, father of the girls

WEATHER RECANTED FOR R.M.A. 'CHASES

DESPITE the heavy rain, which made the going heavy, a large crowd turned up at Tweseldown Racecourse, near Aldershot, for the Staff College and Royal Military Academy Sandhurst Point-to-Point meeting. They were doubly rewarded for their hardiness, for not only did they see some excellent performances by well-known military riders, but halfway through the programme the sun came out and shone for the rest of the afternoon, to the pleasure of everyone there



Some exceedingly well-groomed horses paraded in the paddock before the Open race, which had a very good entry and was most keenly contested



Mr. Jeremy Peel, Miss Alicia Cooke and Mr. H. Dawnay were taking a walk between two of the events



Discussing the racecard: Mr. C. H. Clifford and his daughters, Miss Shirley and Miss Heather Clifford



Mrs. James Terry, Miss Mary Terry and Mr. Peter Tatham were three more who thoroughly enjoyed the day



On the right is Mr. John Webber on Cocolo, while following him is Mr. H. E. Robinson on Lake Superior



Mrs. F. M. Blacker, winner of the Ladies Race, and Mrs. P. Hobart in the paddock



Major Guy Knight had just mounted his horse Silver Measure on which he came third in the Open. Right, Mrs. Knight



From the top of a car, Lady Everard, Lady Denyne Butler and Mrs. Peter Spencer were watching the Members' Race



Desmond O'Neill
Vicky Rees-Reynolds and Anne McCallum were watching the horses go out for the last race of the day

AT THE RACES

Varlets And Vagabonds

• Sabretache •

A VERY famous figure in sporting fiction was made to say "Racin' is only meant for rogues." This is somewhat unfair, because there are several honest persons connected with the Turf. There was, for instance, that immortal Snotty in Gib. who wrote to me and asked whether he would get warned off if his mount in the Junior Officers' Derby won running away. It was quite easy to assure him that he would not be; but that it might be awkward if his horse failed to win when running away. That, naturally, was a somewhat extreme case but it only shows that there are some very honest people about.

The hardest case that I have ever come across personally was that of an Irish trainer who got himself warned off because his horse won. It happened this way. As the field approached the winning post the jockey on his horse yelled out "moind yerselves boys, I can't hold 'um." Naturally the field opened out and through bounced the horse with not a penny piece on him. The trainer was so upset that he loosed off every bad word in his vocabulary, and so shocked the Stewards that they had him up after the last race and put him down for the rest of the season. It was poetic justice because, of course, the intention was very plain to everybody.

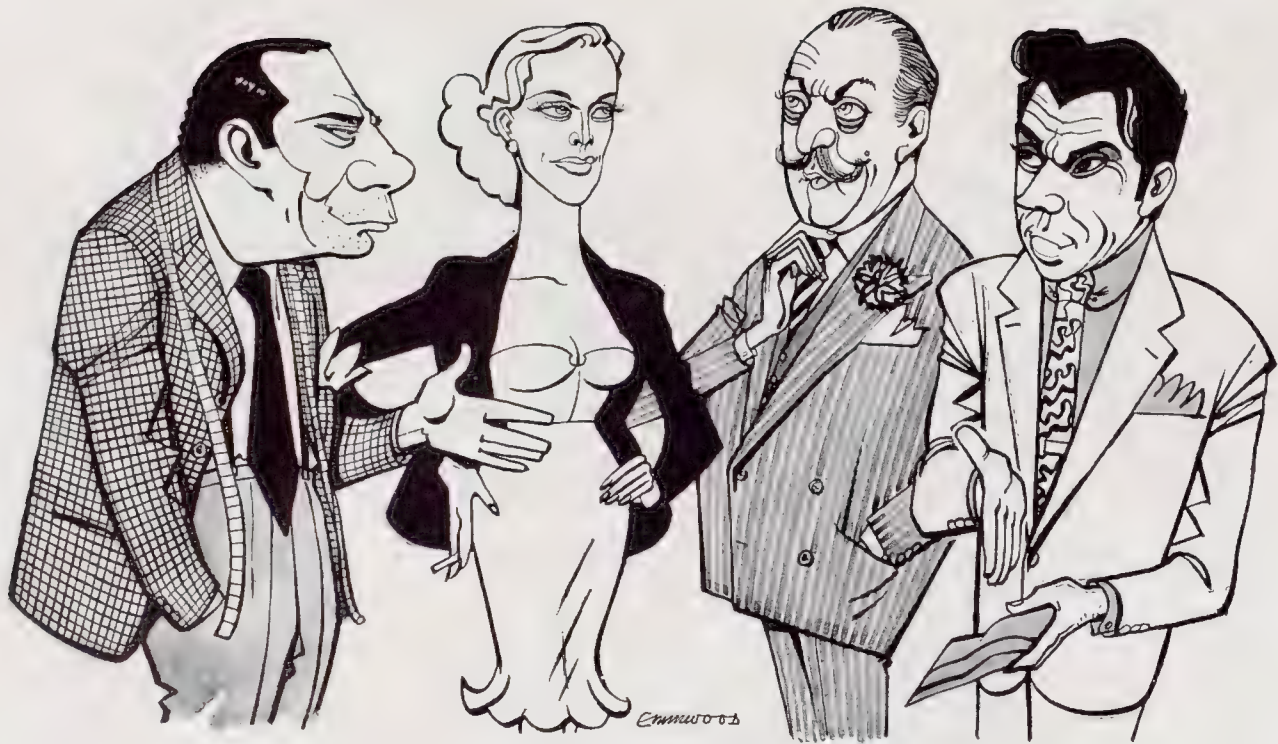
YET another instance was when a well-backed favourite in a hurdle race came home in its own time; but the trainer of the runner-up, losing his self-control, rushed down from the stands and said "Cripes! We've won." When the winner returned to scale his jockey could not draw it by about 4 lbs. Of course he was disqualified but they asked the prophet a whole heap of most unpleasant questions which he completely failed to answer.

Rascals like these just named, and some others, are not rare even in these topsy-turvy days, when more latitude is permitted and things are greeted with a pleasant smile which in Grandpapa's and Grandmamma's days would have got the rough side of someone's tongue, especially if that someone happened to be a steward.

TIMES and methods have changed completely. We rarely, for instance, see a horse having his back teeth pulled out! That great celebrity of bygone times, Captain Octavius Machell, who was as fond of a long-priced winner as most people, was credited with saying that the only permissible finesse was to run a horse out of his distance; a five furlong sprinter, for instance, over a long distance and vice versa.

Even this however may not be necessary. A jockey has only got to go the wrong pace for a couple of furlongs, or to make up ground lost at the start in too great a hurry, to achieve the same end as the wicked in the past used to attain by "pulling his head off." Any of these little tricks however have to be operated with the utmost discretion, for the modern stewards are very quick on the uptake and seem to be much more inquisitive than their venerable predecessors. They do not always accept the old yarn about his not having "et up" two days before last time out, or any other of the Grimms' Fairy Tales which are so familiar to one and all.





MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING, Max Pincus (Joseph Buloff) generously assures his colleagues, but to Lorraine McKay (Honor Blackman), Miles Lewis (Campbell Singer) and Johnny Goodwin (Ron Randall) his words have a mean ring about them

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"The Fifth Season" (Cambridge)

THIS is a Broadway success, and it says something for our native discrimination that instead of dismissing it rudely as a portentously slow joke about something that we do not perhaps understand, the New York dress trade, we have accepted it for the sake of Mr. Joseph Buloff. Apparently we recognize that this insinuating little Jewish comedian gives us the authentic Potash-Perlmutter flavour without having the advantage of playing either of these classic characters.

Mr. Buloff makes something at once amusing and sympathetic of the humble tailor, whose loud-mouthed partner is always on the point of ruining him. In quarrel after quarrel, he runs up and down the emotional scale with the lightest of touches. When he is called on to save a situation, he takes a manifest delight in his own resourceful talent for misrepresentation, but it is always himself that he misrepresents. If he has to explain to an important buyer that the firm's supposedly substantial assets are in fact non-existent, it is he who has made away with them.

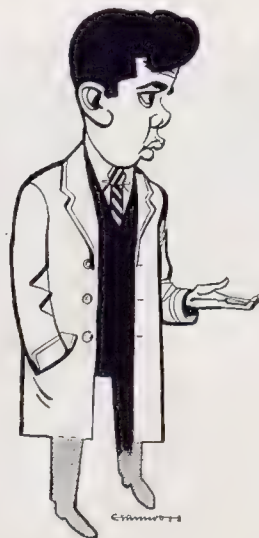
IF his partner's wife suspects quite rightly that her husband has a mistress, it is he who claims the woman for his own, much as the confession may embarrass his own emotional affairs. The situation is always the same, but each time Mr. Buloff gives it freshness in a performance which uses, without noticeable effort, considerable comic muscle. Most of the evening's fun consists in watching the building up of this portrait of resilient, ingratiating, middle-aged innocence in the midst of addle-pated dishonesty.

The comedy itself promises in the beginning to exploit the humours of a couple of minnows trying to blow themselves up by dangerous bluff into whales of the dress trade, but it soon turns into a comedy of marital misunderstandings. These are not only conventional in shape, but snail-like in movement. Before the marital misunderstandings get going, a certain interest attaches to the senior partner of the firm. He is young, he has big ideas and now that an important looking showroom has

been rented and furnished with his partner's savings, he is confident that he has only to lunch the right people, or indeed to lunch in the right restaurant, for his inspired salesmanship to bring the orders rolling in.

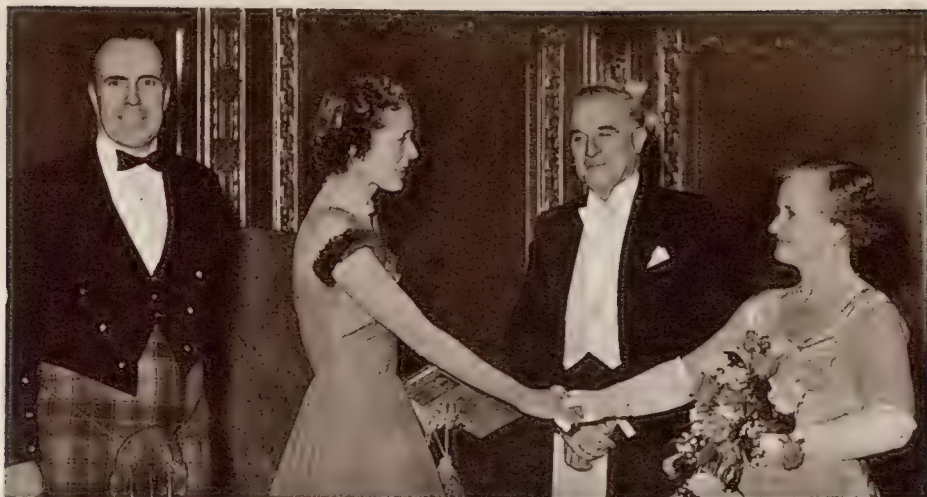
HE has a wardrobe full of new suits, and he changes them as often as some men light cigarettes. These quick changes soothe his nerves, and restore his faith in his powers of salesmanship, and his secretary—unfortunately for the comedy a dangerously pretty girl—is chiefly occupied helping him into one suit after another. His partner, wearing the same shabby clothes, does his best meanwhile with the bills and the creditors.

It cannot be denied, however, that these modern business methods justify themselves. They bring in an important buyer. He is covertly impressed by the borrowed clothes and rather more overtly impressed by the borrowed mannequins. In short, he is put into a good business humour and gives a large order. The trouble is that he turns out to be such a slow payer that the large order cannot for lack of capital be executed. This trouble gives Mr. Buloff the chance to begin to build up the character of the little tailor, and delightfully he takes the chance.



MARTY GOODWIN (David Cole) takes no more kindly to poverty than does his father

A FURTHER trouble is that the susceptible buyer has been impressed, not only by the clothes and the mannequins, but by the dangerously pretty secretary. She is the mistress of the loud-mouthed salesman, and at once the not uninteresting character of the go-getting business man slips out of Mr. Ron Randall's grasp and becomes the ordinary husband harassed by having a difficult affair on his hands. Mr. Randall can do nothing about it. Miss Peggy Livesey is the deceived wife, and nothing much can be done with her. Miss Honor Blackman is the mistress, whose motives are given even less explanation than farcical comedy requires. The whole performance revolves round Mr. Buloff, and it is solely on his account that the comedy is to be recommended.



Mr. and Mrs. Robert McGill being received at the Dorchester by the President and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. William Young. Mrs. McGill is a daughter of Sir David Robertson, M.P.

THE HAGGIS WAS PIPED IN with imposing ceremony at the London Ayrshire Society dinner when a company of the North and South, as hosts and guests respectively, fulfilled the Burnsian dictum of "the social, friendly honest man" to the full



Mr. Douglas Steven, a Director of the Society, Miss Diana Dolman, and Mr. and Mrs. James A. Mackie were having an entertaining chat soon after their arrival for the dinner



Mrs. William King and Mr. James Maclore discussing the mystery of Scotland's most famous dish, to the amusement of Miss Pauline Bamford Smith, Mr. William King, Miss Jean Boundy and Mr. Iain Muir

London Linelight



Leila (Patricia Howard) and Nadir (Robert Thomas) in the Sadler's Wells production of *The Pearl Fishers*

Mother-In-Law Of Pearls

THE Sadler's Wells Trust deserves commendation for resuscitating obscure creations, the latest of these being Bizet's early work *The Pearl Fishers*. This regrettably turns out to belong in the comic opera category, to modern eyes, for the spectacle of two plump persons singing of their eternal love on a none too secure platform is inevitably risible.

But there are compensations. The orchestra under Velim Tausky dealt handsomely with the flow of saccharine melody, the tenor aria made famous by Gigli was nobly done, and Walter Goetz's costumes strike a nice approximation between Chu Chin Chow of China and Neapolitan Ceylon. Mr. John Piper, the scenic designer, had enjoyed one of his rare fine days for the settings, and this, too, added to the fun.

GOING behind the scenes at a night-spot sounds the sort of jaunt to make our fathers' moustaches twitch. At the Cabaret Club the experience is more like touring a luxurious if eccentric submarine, for every millimetre of the air-conditioned space is utilised in some ingenious way. The club room itself is a box within a box, and the narrow space between the two accommodates cooks' galleys, lighting panels, changing rooms, stores and offices.

The passage to the stage makes a major problem for the management, who wish to preserve the pristine quality of their show-girls' dresses, which are frilly and lavish, and friction is the enemy. Nevertheless, the show is one of those old-fashioned, all-out frolics with no particular individual talent, but spectacular routines—and very acceptable if one is in the mood.

TWO White Hopes of the theatre are to have West End openings shortly. John Whiting, whose *Marching Song* reaches the St. Martin's on April 8th, must have a fondness for melody. I hope his new title brings him a larger fortune than *A Penny for a Song*, its predecessor, which was Tennent's noblest failure a couple of years ago. It has a very strong cast headed by Diana Wynyard, Robert Flemyng and Hartley Power.

Bridget Boland, secondly, arrives at the Globe on April 15th with *The Prisoner*, which stars Alec Guinness, Wilfred Lawson and Noel Wilman. A great many people believe that sooner or later Miss Boland will serve an ace, and with this casting the play ought to prove a trump into the bargain.

The sad postscript to this is the managerial reticence about *Liberty Bill*, which should have brought Robertson Hare and Ralph Lynn together again. It appears that the plot, full of the highest promise, proved to be essentially comedy, but played by experts in farce. That the marriage will take place, that the fusion of these super-civilised clans will occur is an esoteric affair, a matter for prayer by those possessed of properly devout minds.

—Youngman Carter



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT being greeted by her Aide-de-Camp for the day, Lt. R. V. Woodiwiss, of Folkestone, when she arrived for her first visit to the Dorset Regiment Depot at Dorchester. Centre is Major-Gen. G. N. Wood, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Colonel of the Regiment. The Duchess, who is Colonel-in-Chief, inspected a parade and visited married quarters and the Messes



H.E. SIR GLADWYN JEBB, new British Ambassador to France, and Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the U.N., being welcomed by Sir Campbell Stuart at The Pilgrims dinner given in their honour at the Savoy

Talk Around the Town

ANY startling news that Buckingham Palace is to be abandoned in favour of Windsor Castle should be treated with a loyal reserve.

Buckingham Palace has been regularly "abandoned" ever since the Prince Consort died in 1861.

There are vast salons which have always been kept in a dust-cover condition during the greater part of the year, for the Palace has never had the Court in residence for more than about four months in the twelve.

First it was Balmoral, then Osborne which provided escapes. Sandringham came into being, while the fortunes of the last

war refreshed the status of Windsor Castle as a home, rather than a mausoleum:

What is now taking place is a streamlining of the Palace staff, which has regularly got top-heavy; or should one better say, gone to ground? For the Palace has ever been full of dark subterranean secrets and mysteries.

One hopes that the rising generation will have the chance of spreading themselves over a larger area of London than St. James's. The Queen was born at No. 17, Bruton Street, and there are still a few near-by places left in Mayfair which could be graced with a young Royal family.

"Stem the invading tide of typists with every available tiara!" should be a cry for to-day.

"SIR WINSTON told me that he had always found it was wise never to stand too long when there was an opportunity to sit down, and not to be content to sit down when there was an opportunity to lie down," reported Mr. Louis St. Laurent, the Prime Minister of Canada, the other day.

Very nicely put.

No one who has studied the attitudes to be seen on the Front Bench can doubt that the path to true statesmanship lies through relaxation.

Mr. Balfour was seldom seen in an upright position, even when standing on his feet. He always gave the impression of being where he liked to be most—in his bed reading.

Lord Melbourne appears to have been a most graceful loungeur. And what more relaxed political philosophy could there be than the one he tendered to the young Queen Victoria: "All a Government should do is to prevent and punish crime?"

Nature did not give Mr. Lloyd George an easy figure to lounge in, but it gave him the blessed gift of being able to sleep at will.

No, I think the sit-down-if-you-can't-lie-down school of political approach is the wise one. Look at Hitler—could you imagine him sitting back, his feet raised up at an angle of 40 degrees, doodling away?

★ ★ ★

It has been observed that more than one of the noble connoisseurs of the ballet in old St. Petersburg combined this pleasure with that of an interest in racehorses.

A "good eye for a promising filly" was as applicable to the stable as to a dancer at the Marigny.

Four years ago a horsey gent, with a massive pair of Tattenham Corners slung round his neck, turned to me in Earls Court arena and said: "Care to take a squint?"

I got them into focus and saw a slim and graceful girl dancing a mile or two away across the arena. The ballet troupe was, I believe, called the Metropolitan; the name of the girl, whose physique seemed reminiscent of the celebrated Mme. Spessiva, was Svetlana Beriosova, and I have followed her slowly rising progress ever since. She is a daughter of the original Russian ballet folk, born as they wandered around Europe.

The other night at Covent Garden, without any fanfares or headlines, they gave Mlle. Beriosova the lightest of the great ballet roles to dance—that of Swanhilda in *Coppélia*. If the Fonteyn herself had been dancing there could not have been a more

OVERTURE TO APRIL

In season of conjecture when
The minor prophet bleats again;
When every club's most rabid bore
Claims kinship with the Chancellor;
When fleetingly the tribe forswears
Pools, to consider State affairs;
When, recreant to the rites of spring,
The spirit will not soar and sing
But, doleful, droops in drab debate
On profits tax or interest rate—
It needs but cuckoo to begin
And Budget is ycomen in.

—Jean Stanger

● ● ●

tumultuous reception for this young Lithuanian called "Bury-Oss-over." (They must change that, but not to "Sybil Berry.") She is of *prima ballerina* stature. No other young dancer of to-day has this indefinable quality to quite the same extent.

The new *Coppélia* production, with décor by Osbert Lancaster, is fresh, lively, vivid and great fun. Would Dame Ninette de Valois now put *The Sleeping Beauty* into the deepest freeze and re-produce something a little more dignified than the undramatic series of *divertissements* which it has been allowed to become?

★ ★ ★

DOUGLAS BADER took his legs off with his trousers on them . . ." I read in the recent book by Mr. Paul Brickhill on that remarkable character.

The picture stirred a long-forgotten memory of many years ago—August of 1916—when I found myself sharing a cabin in a westbound troopship with a charming Army officer who turned out to be some sort of courier, or King's Messenger. He wore a "cholera belt" of documents around his waist.

On the first evening out I came below and found him lying in his berth.

"Be a good lad and see if you can find that wretched steward of ours and ask him where Arthur and Percy are," he said.

The steward presently came along, with the resigned look of his trade; and, under his arm, he carried Arthur and Percy, wearing their socks, and their shoes brightly polished.

I had never dreamed for a moment that my cabin companion was legless. By the

time we got to Quebec I knew "Arthur" and "Percy" quite well. He used to give them different coloured socks every day when he changed into mufti.

That voyage up the broad St. Lawrence will be more largely on the map again when first the Cunard, and then the Canadian Pacific, get their new liners. It is by far the most pleasant way of crossing the Atlantic, especially for eastbound passengers who are poor sailors. They are on board almost three days before they meet the Atlantic swell.

★ ★ ★

SOME people are fond of collecting epitaphs, too many of which are so painfully contrived. How many are there as simple or as beautiful as the one over an infant's grave near Maidstone—"Home without a journey"?

Deathbed sayings offer a far wider scope for the earnest collector. I came upon two recently which I thought appealing.

"Have you made your peace with God?" the dying man was asked by the priest.

"I was never aware I had ever quarrelled with Him," was the reply.

And there was the incident of the dying Disraeli being given an envelope with a message from Queen Victoria. He fingered it and noted the Royal cypher.

"A message to take to dear Albert, I expect," he whispered.

★ ★ ★

THERE seems to be one place in the Western Hemisphere where holiday-makers may offer a furtive prayer for rain—but just $\frac{1}{4}$ ths of an inch of it.

The airline which serves the Madeiras with flying-boats will refund your fare in full, plus £40 to cover the lucky/unlucky traveller's hotel bill, if over half an inch falls.

A scheme like this seems obviously in need of underwriting, and I asked a Lloyd's man what kind of a premium would have to be paid by the airline. But this particular Lloyd's man was not interested in rain.

What it amounts to is that Madeira enters the ranks of the seaside gambling resorts; Monte Carlo for roulette, Cannes for baccarat, Deauville for vingt-et-un and—Madeira for the "rain game."

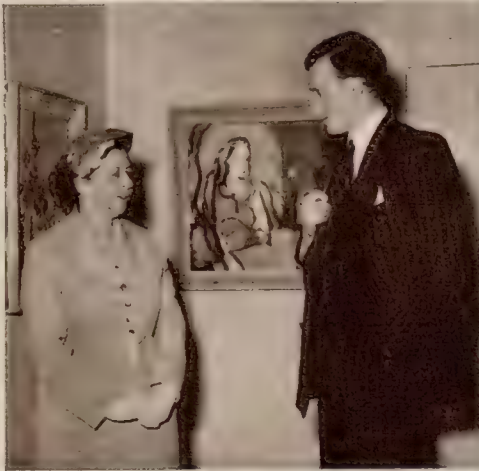
The whole scheme seems capable of expansion.

There must be some sun-parched visitors to this country in search of the soft, cooling balm of English rain: Manchester-on-Sea might offer a similar scheme in reverse?

—Gordon Beckles



The artist with his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Harold Macneile-Dixon, at the Rowland, Browse and Delbanco Gallery in Cork Street



Lady Harmsworth talking to Mr. Paul Vine. It is Lord Harmsworth's first one-man exhibition in London since 1938



Miss Erica Lee, the sculptor, and Miss Jane Fussell, the painter, showed expert appreciation of the paintings, nineteen in number

Clayton Evans

At the Private View of Desmond, Lord Harmsworth's, Exhibition of Paintings In Piccadilly



Miss Avril Maguire, daughter of Senator Maguire, who was one of the visitors from Ireland, was pinning some shamrock to the coat of Lord Killanin, who received the guests



Drinking a pledge to Anglo-Irish friendship were Mr. Raymond Sawyer, Mr. Gerald Ham and Mrs. M. Ross



Enjoying a joke together were Miss Beatrice Clarke, Mr. Patrick Dolan and Miss Breda Manahan



A family party on the balcony at the Hyde Park Hotel were Mrs. M. C. Hunt, Miss Dorothy Hunt, Capt. J. L. Rowland, Dr. F. J. Hunt, Mrs. Eileen Price and Mr. B. E. Hunt

WEARING OF THE GREEN WAS HAPPILY REQUESTED

SHAMROCK glowed in every button-hole when the Irish Club in London gave their St. Patrick's Night Ball, and celebrated their patron saint with true Gaelic fervour. The "London Irish" were swelled by a contingent from Ireland, and the festivities went on until the early hours



Miss Eileen Kilgallin, secretary of the Irish Club, autographing a programme for Mr. Jack Donovan



H.E. Mrs. F. H. Boland, wife of the Irish Ambassador, was partnered in a quick step by Senator E. Maguire



Mr. Malachy Lane, Miss Noreen Kelleher and Mr. D. McCoy were others greatly enjoying themselves



Listening to an amusing passage in one of the speeches were Mrs. R. E. Maguire, Col. W. P. Andrews, M.C., Mr. R. E. Maguire, C.M.G., O.B.E., and Mrs. Andrews. The function was held at Grosvenor House

CARDINAL GRIFFIN, Archbishop of Westminster, was one of the principal guests when the National University of Ireland Club gave its Silver Jubilee dinner and ball on St. Patrick's night. The others included Mr. Eamon de Valera, Prime Minister of Eire, and H.E. Mr. F. H. Boland, Eire Ambassador to Britain. More than 700 were present, and after enjoying the banquet danced until 2 a.m.



Miss Mary Hill and Dr. Rory O'Moore were watching from the balcony as an Irish reel was in progress



The daughter of the Eire Ambassador, Miss Jane Boland, was partnered in a waltz by Mr. Keith Nicholson



Mr. J. F. Goode and Mrs. P. O'Regan, whose husband is president of the London branch of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland



His Eminence Cardinal Griffin was here chatting with Mr. de Valera. They were played-in to dinner by an Irish piper



DINING OUT

Short List For A Quiet Night

A COPY of this week's column is being sent to a reader who wrote a letter of enquiry which had a particularly familiar ring. "I always enjoy reading your notes," he was kind enough to begin; but—

"My wife and I will be shortly coming to town and I should be most grateful if you would recommend me a few establishments near the centre of things where a good dinner may be had at a reasonable price, and in quiet surroundings."

So where are we again? What is a "reasonable price"? How "quiet" must it be? Perhaps any other reader likely to make this enquiry might care to copy out my best effort below for any future use.

MY safety bet is to take a taxi to Old Compton Street (by the Palace and Casino theatres). There are a good dozen restaurants to choose from within a few yards, and you can peer into the windows of most. KETTNER'S and the cosy little MOULIN D'OR adjacent are possibly the most expensive (about £1 for each of you with a little wine). WHEELER'S serves sea-food principally: well, you know the price of oysters? ISOLA BELLA is authentic Italian. PETIT SAVOYARD has a Parisian atmosphere. The TYROL explains itself. Then there are three lively places for the modest purse, not so quiet as the others: GENNARO'S, CHEZ AUGUSTE and the CAFÉ BLEU.

I SUGGESTED a list the other week of essentially British dishes which some enterprising restaurant might like to exploit for our pleasure, one of these days when they get tired of thinking in French.

But I forgot to list genuine Melton Mowbray pie, perhaps because it seems so long since I tasted any myself. For that matter, why not hot mutton pies of the kind which used to be served rather late at Buckingham Palace after Courts and such affairs? They would be a change from (although similar to) *vol au vent*.

Treacle Possett and Leicester Frumenty are two other distinctive dishes, and surely now more use should be made of Devonshire clotted cream? Also, few Continental sweets have the bite of good lemon-curd pie.

Is it not about time the restaurants themselves began to demand the meat which for some fifteen years most of us have only had on the other side of the Channel—*queue de bœuf*, for oxtail hot-pot?

I showed the other day how a *de luxe* restaurant had recently popularised smelts again on its menu. There is a lot to be done in this direction of new, or revived, dishes.

In Festival year of 1951 one restaurant tried to make a whole dinner menu out of traditional English dishes, but that was absurd, and farcical, like a badly performed folk-dance.

—I. Bickerstaff



THE MARCHESA RODOLFO PALLAVICINO, here in the study of her home outside Genoa, was, before her marriage, the Countess Maria Gropallo, a great name in Genoese history. Her husband represents the Italian branch of one of the great families of Continental aristocracy. They live in a fourteenth-century palazzo which formerly belonged to the first Doge of Genoa, Simon Boccanegra, and have restored it to its original splendour

Priscilla in Paris The Steps Were Too Dusty

SUCH an exhausted-old woman! Exhausted and yet exuberant, her shiny red cheeks matched the shiny calico rose in her bonnet, while her sturdy breathing strained the satin seams of her Best Black. She limped as she walked, but it was a boastful limp. As she clumped down the steps from an exit door she let the world know what she thought about the overheating of public buildings and the stupidity of carpeting the Grand Palais with coconut-fibre matting.

Half-way down the steps she paused; a pleasant breeze blew up from the river. She sat down and removed her shoes. Happiness radiated from the good soul as she stretched her legs and wiggled her toes. Her sigh of relief, meeting the breeze, caused a small whirlwind. She caught my eye, we smiled and I almost sat down by her!

I have great admiration for the unconsciousness of the simple people of France,

but the steps were very dusty, and I was due at the Thursday "gastronomic lunch"—presided over by Curnonsky—at the Salon des Arts Ménagers so, regretfully, I passed on. But the old woman was right. The Salon is overheated and coconut-matting is "ard on the feet!"

At lunch I met Suzy Volterra, whom I had not seen for some time. Her racing stable brought her several disappointments last year and she was away from Paris a good deal. It is pleasant to know that with her new trainer, Mathet, she seems to have broken her spell of bad luck. Mistralor, at Maison Laffitte, had an easy win in the Prix Delatre. Suzy laughed when she saw me note the names with care. She knows that I have never mastered the language or acquired the slightest knowledge of matters dealing with "man's most noble conquest." Indeed, it is held against me that when I was told the story of the "gentleman-filly" I did not even smile!

This week the Théâtre de Paris offered us an amusing, low-brow entertainment with a revival of Georges Feydeau's sixty-year-old play, *Le Fil à la Patte*, one of those hilarious farces in which the boudoir and feminine underwear play so great a part. There is a brazen but curiously innocent gaiety about these things, romped through, as they are over here, with a light touch, good humour and rollicking fun. Lysiane Rey, Parédès, Duvallès and Jean-Jacques Bricaire—in too short a part—must have enjoyed themselves almost as much as did the audience.

The décors and costumes were of the frilled and furbelowed 'nineties. Ribbon-run camisoles for madame, and colourful, bouffant pantaloons for monsieur; in those days men had not yet short-coated their legs. I amused myself doubly that evening, watching the play and watching our staid and captious critics trying so hard not to join in the laughter that rocked the house.

NEXT night found them more at their ease, for the Comédie Française had Corneille's *Horace*, with a new mise-en-scène by Dubucourt, a new, dramatic décor by Wakhévitch and a young tragédienne, Thérèse Marnay, appearing for the first time in the exacting rôle of Camille.

The vast auditorium of the Théâtre Français was packed. There were many adolescents present for, although the classics are reserved, usually, for the matinée programmes, it is well that the Young Idea should be able to boast, in days to come, of having been present at a famous début. My generation was often somewhat bored by grandmama's souvenirs of Sarah Bernhardt in *Phædra*, but I doubt whether future generations will hear as much about the new Camille as we heard about Phédre, or of that other Camille (since it is thus that Marguerite Gautier, the Lady of the Camellias, is known to Anglo-Saxon audiences).

Even so, this new production of *Horace* must be seen, for the rôle of *le vieil Horace* is played by Jean Yonnel with the "glorious sonority of tone" and the "acme of noble decorum" that James Agate admired, and Mlle. Marnay is a very fine emotional actress.

MADAME SIMONE's magnificent and greatly discussed play, *En Attendant l'Aurore*, has been published by Plon. I have read it with renewed pleasure and as I did so I visualised its production on a London stage with Vivien Leigh in the part that Annie Ducaud played too coldly, and a quietly terrifying Charles Laughton in the rôle that Marchat spoiled by ranting... but I would want the décor and the frocks of the Comédie Française and Mme. Simone's own translation.

Enfin!

● Francis Carco's favourite restaurateur has a son who has just left school. Very kindly the author enquires after the boy. "He has taken up writing," says the proud parent, "and soon he will be as much read as 'monsieur!'" "What does he write?" asks Carco. "The menus, monsieur!"



Laughing at the cabaret were the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, Mr. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, who wore a striking cameo necklace. The ball was held at Londonderry House, Park Lane

BRITISH GLIDERS and their friends had a delightful evening at the Gliding Clubs Ball. A company of more than 300 enjoyed both the dancing and the satisfaction of helping to finance the holding of this year's world gliding championships in Derbyshire



Warriors in the background looked on representatives of Britain's aerial leadership to-day. They were F/Lt. A. D. Piggott, with Mrs. Piggott, A/C Brian Whatley, Mrs. and Mr. Geoffrey Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wills, and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Armstrong. It was the third ball the Gliding Clubs have given



Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kahn waiting to receive the guests. Mr. Kahn organised the ball and was M.C.



Mr. John Furlong, M.B.E., chairman of the International Gliding Committee, dancing with Miss Sylvia Stewart



Mrs. J. C. Courtney-Lewis was having a glass of wine with W/Cdr. W. H. Ingle, of the Royal Air Force Gliding and Soaring Association



From the picturesque Minstrel's Gallery, Mr. Peter Colles and Miss Patricia Cope took a view of their friends supping below

BERKS FLYERS WENT NOR'EAST FOR BALL

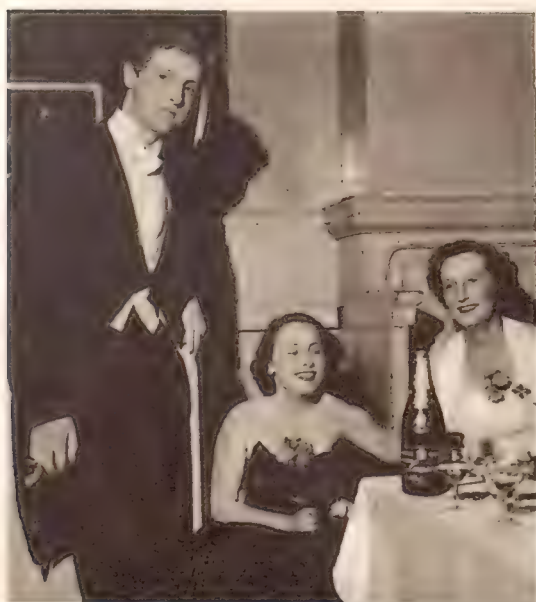
THE fast-riding followers of the Old Berkshire gave their Hunt ball this year at Oxford Town Hall, for the first time on record, a pilgrimage to the north-east of their territory which was most successful. A good many of the company of 300 were to be seen at the point-to-point at Lockinge next day, by whom the double event was voted to be one of the best they remembered



Major C. C. H. Hilton-Green, who is a joint-Master and also huntsman of the pack, was being congratulated on the excellent organisation by Mr. Clem Barton and Miss Jane Baker



Major Guy Knight, M.C., Hunt Secretary, and Mrs. Knight had come over to talk to Mrs. Fulke Walwyn (left), Mr. Christopher Loyd (chairman of the Hunt), Lady Elizabeth Clyde, and Mr. Fulke Walwyn, the trainer



The Hon. Mrs. R. G. Berkeley, a joint-Master since 1947, and Miss Juliet Berkeley, with Mr. Wyndham Williams



Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bond appreciated a glass of champagne while taking time off from dancing



Miss R. Pearse and Mr. A. B. Bartlett were absorbed in watching the convolutions of a reel



Mr. J. A. H. Simonds partnered Mrs. J. M. Freeman in the first waltz of the evening



Mrs. Geoffrey Berners, secretary of the Ball Committee, was on the way to the ballroom with her husband



Lord Burghley, another joint-Master, and Lady Burghley were waiting for the rest of their party to join them



An Hon. Surgeon to the Hunt, Dr. F. V. Squires, was dancing a slow fox-trot with Miss Marjorie Pearce



Sitting out for a chat in one of the passages were Mr. Christopher Ryder and Miss Jennifer Walker



Under the eighteenth-century vaulted ceiling Mrs. and Mr. Michael Allsop and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Belmont were looking at the dancers below before they went to the champagne bar

Morris

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

AN acidulated sourpuss (and a lifelong Conservative at that) suggesting that it mightn't be a bad idea to weed out an unwieldy and ever-growing British peerage from time to time, is liable ere long, our spies report, to find a womanly figure in starched white linen bending over him, saying "Drink this."

No doubt the sourpuss was thinking of those recurring "visitations" of the 17th century, when marks from the College of Arms went through every county with a toothcomb, and numbers of chaps who had put up coats without permission (and payment) were listed *ignobiles* and had to take them down. In cases where the boys had gone to some expense to have all their silver engraved and whacking great coats carved in stone stuck up over their entrance-gates, this order may have involved discreet tittering among the locals. The shock came even more drastically in France in the 1660's, when Louis XIV's great purge of the nobility left a few hundred costly periwigs shaking and askew, all concerned having had to prove qualification to three decimal places.

However, times have changed. Chaps who pay up to-day like gentlemen have nothing to fear, and we gather the College of Heralds, acting up to its proud old motto ("*Il faut manger*"), sees to this. Was the Baron gules when the bill arrived! Not to say vert!

Memory

IT is now some years since a resounding slap on the nose administered to a dramatic critic by a dear little American actress echoed through the Savoy Grill like a pound of processed hake striking a marble slab on a wet Tuesday night. A rather vexing problem attaching to this incident divided the Critics' Circle fiercely for some time afterwards. It all came back to us on reading the other day about a Hollywood director who lamed a film-actress for blacking his eye. Should the critic aforesaid have kicked out too?

Being engaged as a temporary waiter (per Joe's Agency) at the Critics' Circle six months

later, we used to hear the gentlemen talking very high and large every evening about this, gesticulating and cursing and shaking their fists. It was of course not our place to join in, especially as one of the "heads," a Mr. Brown (we think), had kindly given us a still-serviceable pair of dress-trousers—well, *fairly* serviceable—with the words "Keep those ears pinned, Wilkinson, or else." (Wilkinson being our *nom de service*.) He meant it metaphorically, of course. At that moment some of the more reckless gentlemen began shouting that they would fight any little actress in both hemispheres.

Well, we couldn't help looking somewhat quizzically at Mr. Brown, knowing that the last thing any of the gentlemen at the Critics' Circle want is a good bashing, and we understood from Mr. Brown's testy expression that he wanted the whole discussion stopped, so we thought the best thing to do was to set the Circle on fire. Most of the gentlemen were rescued. Having won golden opinions from Mr. Brown, we still feel rather sorry they all weren't. However, such is life.

Ellum

DOWN our way there's a fragrant old country rhyme or jingle, to this effect:

When ellum do fall,
'Tis goodnoight all.

Or at least there would be, if the morose and secretive locals had any gift of self-expression apart from spitting sideways on passing hens. However, that recent Kensington mass-meeting protesting against the official felling of some of the big elms along the Broad Walk is at this moment the relatively verbose topic of our local taprooms. In our quaint Southern patois we call it "just too bizarre for words."

Had it been a protest meeting of the *undertakers* of Kensington we hicks would have understood, since the elm (*Ulmus procera*) hates the human race, as every countryman knows, and has a knack of dropping great baulks of timber on it unexpectedly. In the pink fog of whimsy enveloping Kensington Gardens this menace is often overlooked. Possibly Arthur Rackham's celebrated illustrations to you-know-what included a dainty tailpiece showing a huge Broad Walk elm falling on a tricky figure playing a pipe, to the vast diversion of the birds and fairies. If so, his publishers cut it out.

Yet on a gusty autumn day you often see Kensington types skip suddenly for dear life. It keeps the boys fit, and if they're too late there are firms in Kensington Church Street which embalm for a very moderate fee.

Afterthought

CHAPS whose forbears planted avenues of stately elms curse them, we think, a trifle thoughtlessly for not planting the more saleable oak. In the long winter evenings of the past the thought of their descendants catching it on the noggin may have kept large families of jovial Cavaliers in a state of collapse.

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"Afraid the dog's getting deaf. I asked him for 'The Times'."

Beshrew me, Sacharissa, I can't keep my spurs out of the tansy!

Wiggery

LOOKING round the nearly-rebuilt Temple the other afternoon we saw to our satisfaction that the new walls are reasonably solid, a matter of some interest to anyone who has lived in one of the Inns of Court, where the hideous droning noise made by lawyers at midnight is liable to penetrate even walls built by Jacobean and Augustan architects.

As we may have mentioned before, lawyers pray nightly to Beelzebub for more and better crime, more City skulduggery, more long-term and insurance frauds, more inextricable Chancery tangles, more front-page libel cases like *Babs Ramsden v. the Bishop of Purley*, *Huddersfield Municipal Casino*, the *Worshipful Company of Greengrocers*, *O-So-Kozie Woollywear, Ltd.*, the *Society for the Suppression of Evil*, and *Ajax Blast-Furnace Corporation Ltd.*, *ex parte Mrs. C. H. Budgkin and Buenos Aires Tramways*, *Charley Turner intervening* (like a fool!). What we haven't mentioned before is that when we lived in Gray's Inn there was an eminent cricketer on the same staircase whose influence rendered all these wicked supplications utterly null and void.

This illustrates the power of an upright life lived by M.C.C. rules. Why don't you sahibs get down to the nets more often? Afraid of the fish?

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham





MASTERS OF SPORT photographed by ERIC COOP

SIR STANLEY ROUS, C.B.E., J.P., is the active and enterprising Secretary of the Football Association, to which position he was appointed in 1934, having formerly been a master at Watford Grammar School. His services not only to football, but to the sporting ideal in general, have been recognised by his appointment as chairman of the Council of Physical Recreation, to committees of the British Olympic Association and to the Executive Committee of the King George's Jubilee Trust. He is also a member of various committees of the International Football Federation, and was recently made a Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur by the French Government. He has written extensively on physical training, with special reference, of course, to football

At The Pictures

LAUGHTER IN
THE WARD

Dirk Bogarde as a harassed medical student in "Doctor in the House"

IF you feel out of sorts, give your doctor a break and, instead, go and see *Doctor in the House* (Odeon, Leicester Square). It will be a tonic. Take your doctor, too, for he may recover his form-free youth in this Technicolored medical frolic.

The astonishing thing is that such an episodic compendium of hospital and medical students' jokes makes a film at all. But it does, thanks to Ralph Thomas's sure direction, which rarely lets the situation get out of hand, as it could easily and awfully have done. He gets by even with such chestnuts as the student's skeleton slipping out of the parcel in the bus. He is aided by a cast which rides every situation on an even keel and never overplays the comedy.

THE film records the student life and hard times of Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Donald Sinden and Donald Houston at St. Swithin's. When I say that Muriel Pavlow is a nurse, Suzanne Cloutier a kind of housekeeper for them, and Kay Kendall there too, you get some idea of what goes on. The National Health Service did not foresee this.

The prescription is completed by mixing in a battle-axe Sister (Jean Taylor-Smith), a disciplinarian dean (Geoffrey Keen) and, to make it fizz, James Robertson Justice as a testy surgeon. It all makes harmless good fun within the bounds of taste and reason.

IN this week's ration are two more goodish British films. In *Eight O'Clock Walk* (London Pavilion), Richard Attenborough is a decent chap who, on circumstantial evidence, is accused of a child's murder. Only his wife (Cathy O'Donnell) believes him innocent and she convinces his counsel (Derek Farr) with dramatic but improbable results at the Old Bailey trial. The film has several good touches and holds interest well, but why slow the cutting on emotional scenes?

Jeremy Spenser as the boy jockey in *Devil on Horseback* will make mothers cry, and fathers, too, when they see why their bets go wrong. It is a nice story of an apprentice whose way with horses leads to win after win until his will to win makes him ride a horse to death. There follows disqualification and trouble with the owner, charmingly played by Googie Withers, and the trainer, stiffly played by John McCallum. However, the boy makes the grade in a final race, which he wants his friend to win but wins himself.

Talented young Spenser masters his role and his horses (just). As an old jockey, Liam Redmond is remarkable. The photography of horses, races and morning gallops is your money's-worth, anyway.

Hollywood's laugh at itself does not quite come off in *Red Garters* (Plaza). But it is an honest try. Here we have a parody of the super-colossal musical Western, with Rosemary Clooney and suitably-gartered lovelies in a West where men's devotion is to guns, horses and women, in that order.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Mrs. C. R. Derington-Turner, Mrs. John Westcott and Mrs. Reginald G. G. Coote waiting for the parade to commence



Mrs. John Wilding and Mrs. Simon Sitwell discussed the fashions over their tea



In a corner of the mediæval Castle, Miss J. Glass was in conversation with Mrs. P. Stone

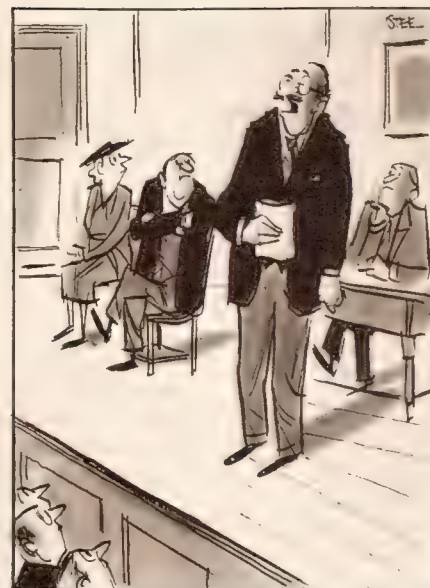


Mrs. Richard Eggar, a member of the Arundel Committee, was here with Mrs. F. R. L. Mears and Mrs. Bill Thomson. At the show, models displayed the dresses down a decorated sloping platform in the Baron's Hall

GOWNS WERE MODELLED
IN BARONIAL HALL

STATELY Arundel Castle, seat of the Duke of Norfolk, was the scene of a charming spring fashion show—its massiveness emphasizing the gaily original fashions. Ten models presented dresses from couture houses and manufacturers to a large company, and afterwards tea was provided

ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



"... and I don't think I am divulging any of Mr. Butler's secrets when I say it will be a good and bad Budget."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

"I SEE," said the wife, looking up from her newspaper, "that a man who can ★ speak eight languages has just married a ★ woman who can speak four."
"H'm," remarked the husband, "that seems to be about the right handicap."

AT a foreign conference a pretty secretary complained bitterly that a foreign diplomat had insulted her.

"Why didn't you slap his face," she was asked.

"That wouldn't have done any good," complained the insulted one. "He's got diplomatic immunity."

"I HAVE been a fool all my life," a famous violinist confided to a friend. "But a progressive one. When the gramophone became popular, I decided that I must resist this medium because it would kill concerts. But eventually I made records, of course.

"Then came radio," he went on, "and I fought that for a long time before I broadcast. But, as I said, I'm progressive. Now I am resisting television!"

A JET 'plane pilot had the job of carrying a V.I.P. to Manchester. After a short time in the air he turned to his passenger.

"We've missed Manchester," he said. "We'll have to circle back."

"How on earth could you miss a huge city like Manchester?" blustered the big shot.

The pilot confessed: "I blinked."

THE village football team had been playing very badly all the season, so it was a great surprise to one of their supporters when he learned that each player had been presented with a pocket-lighter.

"Why were they given pocket-lighters?" he asked a friend.

"Well," was the reply, "they've lost all their matches, so far."



The Duchess of Norfolk (centre), President of the West Sussex Association for the Care of Cripples, for which the show was given, talking to Mr. Michael Gillespie and Mrs. G. Anderson, organiser of the event



Lady Chesham paused for a word with Mr. R. F. Wagner, as they were on the way to take their seats



Another member of the Arundel Committee, Mrs. J. L. d'Ambrumenil, with Mrs. Enid K. Gunning



Gabor Denes

Miss Avril Ranger, one of this season's debutantes, was very interested in the show. She is with Mrs. J. L. Grant, who presented her, and her mother, Mrs. Edward Ranger

Flying

The Sad Affair At Gatwick

So the great Gatwick grab goes on. By the time these notes appear the sittings of the committee of inquiry may be over, but I do not want to talk here about the details that come before that committee. Although they are not, I understand, legally *sub judice*, I feel that it is fair to see the full results before commenting upon them. What I do want to talk about is the primary decision to turn Gatwick aerodrome into a big airport, to make it, in the inaccurate jargon of the trade, a London Airport "alternate."

The choice of Gatwick is a crashing error of judgment on the part of the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation. Hundreds of thousands of people will live to regret that decision and to heap their criticisms on those who made it and who allowed it to stand. One of the most depressing things about those Government officials who concern themselves with aviation is that they will not read their aviation history. Had they done so, they would have found that the Gatwick situation had a parallel at Croydon.

CROYDON, in the days of biplanes and piston engines, was to be the "great airport of London." It was to be the place where the "giant airliners of the future" would call on their world journeys. So houses were pulled down, trees were felled, officially approved hideousness was brought to the district in the course of development to "meet the needs of the future air age." Householders protested; those who like trees protested. Nobody took the smallest notice. Down came the trees and the houses. A few years passed—a few months it seemed—and the officials found that Croydon was out of date. And now Gatwick is to go the same way, the way of all badly sited airports.

The houses will be pulled down; the trees, 7,000 of them, will be felled on an excuse almost as fatuous as that advanced for the

tree felling in the London parks. And then, in a few months, we shall discover that Gatwick is of no use whatever as an alternative airport to London. I am sorry to say that my friends Lord Douglas and Mr. Peter Masefield of British European Airways are partly to blame for this piece of bad judgment. They—unlike the thousands of householders and other protestors—have the ear of the Minister. They have said that Gatwick is a good alternative airport. But they do not travel regularly between London and Gatwick. That horror is to be reserved for the wretched passengers whom they intend to land at Gatwick in the future.

MAY I tell Lord Douglas, Mr. Peter Masefield and the Minister something about what it is like to travel between London and Gatwick, between the aerodrome that is to serve our capital city and the city itself? It is the most frustrating, uncomfortable and dangerous process known to man. Between these two places there are two possible means of travel, road and rail. Helicopters (even the American ones B.E.A. is so anxious to buy) will not do the job for twenty years at least. The road has not one foot of dual carriageway; it varies in width from village lane to main road, it has every known surface, it is grossly overloaded, it is hideously ugly.

Let us suppose, with B.E.A., that we will spare the air passengers of the future the dangers of the road journey and take them by train. How often have Lord Douglas, Mr. Peter Masefield or the Minister travelled by train between London and Gatwick? Let me tell them about the train journey. At times of the day the trains are so overcrowded that the conditions of travel are positively unhealthy. More than fifteen people are sometimes packed into a third-class carriage on this route.

But suppose your air traveller is rich enough to take a first-class ticket. Then, as likely as not, he will stand in the corridor all the way! This is the kind of travel



MR. BRIAN DAVIDSON, Commercial Director of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, has recently been appointed a part-time member of the Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission by the President of the Board of Trade

which is supposed to be right and proper for the visitors to this country who will come by air to London.

So much for adverse criticism. What is the right course? The right course in the planning of the future airports of London is to regard transport as a continuum and not to decide upon any airport site without simultaneously deciding upon the related process of terminal transport. If, with the choice of Gatwick, there went a plan to build an express overhead highway between London and the aerodrome, the highway to be completed at the same time as the airport, I would raise no objections. (Gatwick is 50 kilometres too close to London. But it might do.) There is no such plan. The overloaded London-Brighton road, the overcrowded London-Brighton railway are to be more overloaded and more overcrowded.

This Gatwick business is a sad affair, for ministerial decision seems to be one of those things that can never be altered. But let all those of us with aviation experience and a knowledge of aviation history express our views in forthright terms so that there can be no excuses by those responsible afterwards.

—**Oliver Stewart**



F/Lt. Robert Stirling, England's Rugby captain, has fifteen caps. He is here with his wife Jean and their children, Michael and Pamela, at their Greenford home



Mrs. Yarranton, wife of F/Lt. Peter Yarranton, a mainstay of England's front line, with Sandra and Ross. They live at Harrow



Full back Ian King has now won two caps this season. A Yorkshireman, he is seen at Ripon with his wife Pamela and eight-year-old Deborah

At the Homes of Three of England's Leading Rugger Players in Middlesex and Yorks

D. R. Stuart



MICHAEL HORDERN, whose Malvolio in *Twelfth Night* is one of the outstanding successes of the present season at the Old Vic, is now acknowledged to be the most important Shakespearean character actor of the decade. After a season at Stratford, in which his Melancholy Jaques was highly praised, Mr. Horder has earned new laurels as King John, Polonius and, earlier in the season, as Parolles. Drawing by Youngman Carter

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

Historian's Holiday

A LAYMAN'S LOVE OF LETTERS (Longmans; 11s. 6d.) is, as a stimulus to the pure enjoyment of reading, second to nothing likely to come our way. This book reproduces in printed form the Clark Lectures delivered in Cambridge in the autumn of 1953 by Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, O.M., Master of Trinity College, formerly Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.

The Clark Lectures, provided year by year by Trinity College for the University, may deal with any subject connected with English Literature—the field is wide, the inspiration considerable, and the choice of the actual subject, in each case, is left to the speaker. For some time past, the lectures have been delivered by persons distinguished as professional students or critics of literature: last October, Trinity made a brilliant departure from custom by persuading the great historian who is its Master to take the platform for these half-dozen talks.

Dr. Trevelyan describes himself as a layman (or as Chaucer, he says, would have called him, a "lewd man"), because literature never has been, in the specialised sense, his subject—it has, rather, been his abiding pleasure! It could well be for this reason that his approach is so spontaneous, personal, untrammelled and, in a magnificent way, lighthearted. This book

of his—so unbookish, for each page has the gusto and resonances of natural talk—should be the ideal reviver for those of us whose wish or power to read has begun to fail. Some of us, it may be, have been scared off from the masterpieces which should be our natural heritages because these have begun to reek of the classroom or, still worse, have become encrusted in critics' jargon.

DR. TREVELYAN pays tribute to the critics—though he occasionally, in a good-humoured way, joins issue with one or another of them (Matthew Arnold's verdict on Shelley; Raymond Mortimer's on Kipling; E. M. Forster's on Sir Walter Scott). Ideally, criticism is the product of love and learning: how much it can do to illuminate, widen and deepen a natural pleasure these talks certainly demonstrate. What perhaps Dr. Trevelyan does not allow for is the unlearned person's fear of didacticism—we resent being told what is good for us—or, at least, what is good for us comes to sound unattractive. Totally lacking in the didactic spirit, the genial Master of Trinity simply tells us what he has enjoyed, and how and why.

Would we enjoy more if we had studied less? Does to be taught English literature endanger our intuitive liking for its flavour? "The study of English at our universities is," the speaker considered, "indispensable in the present state of society, which is very

different now as a patron of Letters from what it was sixty years ago. . . . In general, the whole background and atmosphere of thought and knowledge was more literary than to-day. There was less specialisation and more culture." Indeed, to the undergraduates of Dr. Trevelyan's day the idea of making a study subject out of what to them was sublime experience appeared fantastic. The study of literature now preserves what might, Dr. Trevelyan shows, be an only too easily lost tradition.

For one thing, there are far fewer literary periodicals than there used to be; and moreover, shortage of space necessitates considerably less, and less full, reviewing—whereas, as things formerly used to be, "literature was kept before the nation's eyes and discussed very fully in public from different points of view." Secondly, there used once to be more and larger private libraries; more people could afford to buy books, and they lived, not in flats, but in houses with space for bookshelves. Books played not only a social role; they enriched, in homes, the domestic atmosphere. And, above all, there was leisure—one not only read in the evenings, one talked by day, and what had been read added character to the conversation. As recreation, reading was still unrivalled. . . . Young people now grow up in a thinner air. So, it has come to be that our universities must rouse, train and foster literary taste—which might, it seems, otherwise fade and vanish.

HERE, in the first of Dr. Trevelyan's talks, is a lively discussion of Lord Byron—poet to honour but never to overrate; more striking, perhaps, in his temperament as a man. How could one critic claim (as indeed he did) that Byron was a better poet than Shelley? And was it Victorian priggishness which caused Matthew Arnold to write off Coleridge as "a poet and philosopher wrecked in a mist of opium"? What of *The Ancient Mariner*, *Kubla Khan*, the first part of *Christabel* and *Frost at Midnight*? And, to contend that the poet Gray ever wrote anything better than the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* is, our speaker considers, perversity. . . .

The fascinating theme of book-illustration engages Dr. Trevelyan next—how well is the poet or novelist served by "pictures"?

Instances were Cruikshank, "Phiz" and Seymour—three men who "did much for Dickens by giving ocular reality to his incomparable menagerie of characters." Lesser novelists, such as Lever and Ainsworth, were, our speaker is of opinion, practically "made" by the work of Cruikshank and "Phiz"; and Surtees owed much to the Leech drawings of Jorrocks. As for Lewis Carroll's Alice, our conceptions of that prim and immortal child are practically inseparable from the Tenniel pictures—attempts to re-illustrate *Alice*, by later pens, seem to most of us not only impious, but unsuccessful.

[Continued on page 618]



M. A. E. Pocock

MRS. MICHAEL MENZIES, formerly Miss Kay Stammers, the English international lawn tennis player, with her husband, daughter Virginia, and infant son, Frederick Andrew Graham, after the baby's christening at St. Martin's-in-the-Veld, Dunkeld, Johannesburg





A sophisticated little affair of white straw fabric trimmed with a navy blue eye veil, this elegantly plain little hat is priced at £4 18s. 6d.



Beads for your suit. Three rows of graduated pink china bubbles for 1 gn. Buy three or four of these in various shades to fill in the décolletage of suit or dress—very Dior!

Fashion Choice of the Week

PHOTOGRAPHED on the opposite page is a really useful little suit for summer in London or any other big town. Neat, cool, enormously smart and practical, it is the sort of outfit that wins unstinting masculine approval. Husbands will also approve of the price—10 gns. It comes from Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge who also supply all the accessories shown on these two pages

—MARIEL DEANS



A very thin slub linen blouse to wear with the suit. Plain, beautifully cut, with a rounded yoke and tiny cuffed raglan sleeves that sit well under the jacket, this fine white blouse costs 67s. 6d.

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

APPROACHING end of the financial year has resulted in a vast crop of weddings among our younger acquaintances, all of whom have decided not to be June brides because being late March ones is much more helpful to their bridegrooms' income-tax. Resulting financial strain, and—almost worse—getting into the habit of going out and spending money, cause me to reflect about the disadvantages from the income-tax point of view of being a wife instead of a bride.

I am not even—except for a mere pittance—regarded as a form of legitimate expense. My husband entertains swarms of important executives from the U.S. and the North of England to luxurious luncheons during the year, and for money thus expended he gets tax allowances. From time to time, too, he takes me out, but on a less lavish scale, and with both of us prudently keeping our eyes on the budget, because there is no tax allowance for this.

I AM horrified at the unfairness of life. Business men from the U.S. and the North of England cannot possibly be so much in need of free food and entertainment as I am. Business men from the U.S. and the North do not even enjoy these luncheons—if one is to judge by the demeanour of their host, who invariably returns proclaiming that he is worn



out with eating and drinking too much, all for duty, and has probably made Old X. an enemy for life through—also for duty—telling the wrong story at the wrong time. Obviously such luncheons are only hardship for recipient and donor, preventing both from getting on with their *real* interest—hard work. The only point of the luncheons, in fact, is that they are supposed to keep the other man in a good temper, thus oiling the wheels of industry and entitling the donors, on the lines of educational plays like *A Streetcar Named Desire*, to exemption from taxation.

TO me it seems hard that my husband and business men from the U.S. and the North should suffer so much while I, who being tough and female could undergo such torture with equanimity, must either go without or be entertained as—frankly—an extravagance. For some time I have felt that it is equally important that I should be kept in a good temper. Be the wheels of industry never

(Continued on page 612)



A cardigan suit in Donegal tweed jersey, soft, warm and comfortable with capacious patch pockets and plenty of room in the skirt for movement. It comes from Derry and Toms of Kensington, who also supplied the neat little saucer hat

Day-Long Contentment

THE clothes a woman thinks about most (writes Mariel Deans) are the ones she wears for special occasions—clothes for luncheons, cocktail parties, dances, clothes for capturing a new young man or enslaving further an ancient conquest—pretty frocks, elegant suits, stirring ensembles. This week, however, we show some clothes for non-party days, the sort of clothes a woman enjoys wearing at home and hacks unmercifully because they are blissfully comfortable, soft, effortless clothes that make for day-long contentment



A new Pringle cardigan in soft blue-green lambswool bordered with white-edged bands of ribbing. It is shown here worn with a straight skirt of dark grey worsted. From Marshall and Snelgrove County Shops

**CONTINUED
OVERLEAF**

CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

so oiled, they would whirl unavailingly, surely, if I and my like did not produce brilliant conversation to revive our husbands after these exhausting luncheons—if we didn't keep ourselves well-dressed and glamorous as a contrast to dull, work-worn secretaries and air-hostesses—if we didn't sew on buttons, cook meals, mow lawns, discipline children and generally well-oil our households.

I THEREFORE subscribe enthusiastically to a recent doctrine that men should receive not just the allowance for *keeping* a wife, but an additional one for keeping her in as good a temper as business men from the U.S. and the North.

My spouse has on the whole been sympathetic to the doctrine in principle, and—after all—people in the City frequently risk fortunes gambling on Budget Day possibilities



so why shouldn't we risk having a night out on the faint chance of getting a wife-entertainment concession.

ACCORDINGLY we embark on the usual negotiations with baby-sitters, getting hair done, and co-relating the duty to dawdle like business executives over our food with the rival need to get to the theatre before the curtain goes up.

We relax luxuriously in a very expensive restaurant while I conscientiously jettison my natural instinct to look furtively for the cheapest thing on the menu, and remind myself that all this may possibly not be being paid for by anyone at all. This economic nightmare sends me into a kind of trance, while a waiter panders to our need for feeling exclusive by doing things with veal and sauces in a silver frying-pan under our very noses.

By the time we have finished I cannot even resent the fact that my husband has got tickets for the kind of show to which tired business executives from the U.S. and the North are traditionally taken. His excuse is that anything that could possibly be subsidized by the Arts Council wouldn't be honest in the circumstances. When we eventually arrive home I am flabbergasted to see him produce a sheaf of receipted bills from his pocket with a demand that I should sign them.

AFTER all," he explains, "if there's any possibility of tax allowances for entertaining wives, it stands to reason there's going to be a pretty stiff check on whether it really is wives." As the awful potentialities of what he has said crowd in on me, I lie awake far into the night, either from business executives' indigestion or from wondering whether tax allowances for keeping wives in good tempers are really going to be good for marriage after all.

— Diana Gillon



... Day-Long Contentment

Pale, biscuit-coloured jersey dress with a gathered bodice and brown and beige leather belt. Notice the pretty way the three-quarter length sleeves are gathered under neat, turn-back cuffs. From Kendal Milne, Manchester



John Cole

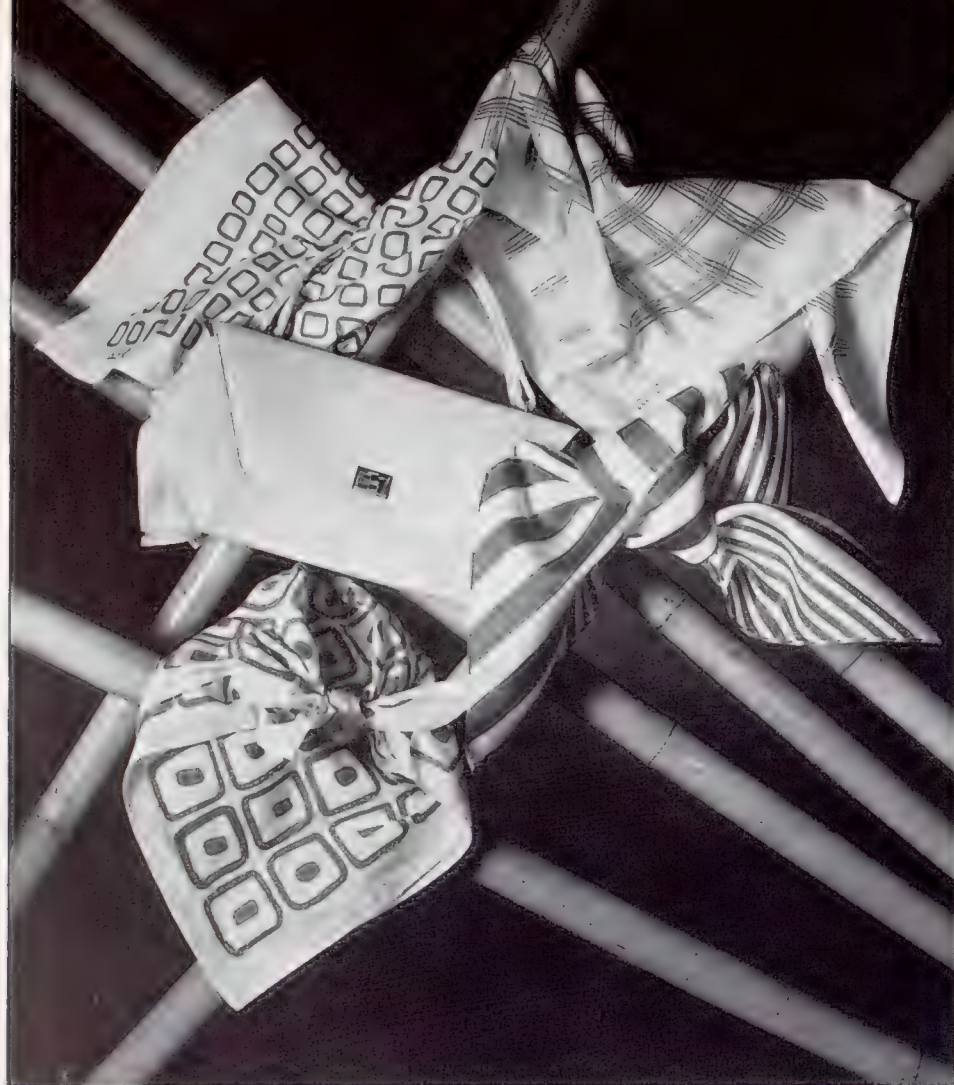
Heavy ribbed fisherman's cardigan—a masterpiece of casual chic, worn with narrow drain-pipe trousers made in an all-wool over-check. Both come from Griffin and Spalding, Nottingham

SHOPPING

APRIL FINDS
FOR OPEN AIR
OR SUN ROOMS

INDOORS AND OUT, this is the time to tune into the gay month of April, with its vagaries, its sunshine and its showers. The shops are full of tempting ideas for brightening the home and lightening the heart. Here are some chosen to add charm to the rooms and to the ensemble

—JEAN CLELAND



Full of the holiday spirit are these gay accessories at bargain prices from Fenwicks. Sweater scarves, silk 12s. 11d., cotton 4s. 11d. Attractive panama straw plastic bag, 18s. 11d.



Woollands have these beautiful Italian leatherwork bags, produced by Florentine craftsmen. Left, with sling handle and hide lacing, ten guineas; right, with hide stitching, seven and a half guineas



All ready for the April showers. Crystal handle £2 2s., thistle handle £5 7s. 6d. Gold leaf handle £3 3s. Poults Silk cases 10s. 6d. Woollands



Rosenthal porcelain, designed by such artists as Cocteau, Bele Bachem and Raymond Loewy, can now be had here from Waring & Gillows, Marshall & Snelgrove, Selfridges and other stores. Prices of that shown here range from £4 10s. for the Palette vase (centre), to £29 1s. for the coffee set on the top shelf



This unusually beautiful cushion, with embroidered panel, quilted surround and ruched edging, comes from Selfridges. It costs £5 17s., and can take its place as of right in a room of richly decorated period furniture

Dennis Smith

BEAUTY

ROSE FRESH —DAY LONG

To start off fresh and trim is one thing. To finish the day with the looks unimpaired and in good fettle is an achievement.

Yet some people seem to manage it successfully. What is their secret? How is it done?

In answering these questions, I would say that the first step is with the feet. To see that they are comfortable and at ease is essential. If they ache, or if the shoes pinch or rub, the suffering shows in the face, producing a look of fatigue that quickly destroys all the freshness and sparkle. To wear shoes for the first time, when you are going to be on your feet all day, is asking for trouble. Get used to them beforehand, and even then be sure that they fit so well that, when walking, you do not feel them.

If the insteps are inclined to ache, I would strongly advise wearing instep supports. There are various kinds, and if only something very light is needed I suggest some little spongy rubber pads, which can be slipped on underneath the stockings. These are extremely comfortable, and are just sufficient in most cases to keep the arches from dropping.

MAKE-UP that is to last all day must be dealt with skilfully, and much depends on the choice of foundation. This is that which holds the powder and keeps the skin looking matt. As a rule a liquid foundation is the most successful, as this lasts for hours, and is more likely to resist the temperature of hot rooms and restaurants. There are some excellent ones on the market that give a soft, filmy look to the complexion, which is most becoming. Be sparing with the rouge, since, if one is rushing around, the skin may easily become flushed during the day. If, on the other hand, one turns a little pale, it is a simple matter to apply an extra touch of colour with a dust of dry rouge.

FEW things are more unbecoming than a nose that tends to shine, and this can be avoided by applying a spot of "Noshine" before powdering. This comes in such a tiny bottle that it takes up practically no space, and if you want to be on the safe side, I suggest taking it with you in your handbag.

If you use mascara, you may well have experienced the annoyance of having it run, especially if you are one of those people who laugh until they cry. The surest way of obviating this inconvenience is to use a waterproof mascara. With this on your lashes, you can go to a farce, or laugh your head off at your friend's funniest stories, with impunity.

Having taken these precautions, you should be able to retain a well-groomed look. Even so, there comes a moment at the end of a busy day when a certain degree of weariness sets in. If you really want to start off again with fresh sparkle, nothing is more completely renewing than a quick visit to one of the beauty salons. If you do not want—or have no time for—a full treatment, you can have a cleanse and make-up which takes only half an hour, and costs very little. It is the quickest way of acquiring "evening looks" that I have yet come across.

One last tip. To keep your hair in place, and stop untidy ends from straying, before setting out spray all over the head with one of the excellent preparations that act as an invisible hair-net.



Traveller's Joy is a new hair style by Douglas, of Martin Douglas and Rene. It is called "Cockatoo"

ENGAGEMENTS

Navana Vandyk

Miss Judith Mary Gillett, youngest daughter of the late Mr. H. E. Gillett, and of Mrs. Gillett, of Castlebar Hill, W.5, is engaged to Sir Peter Crisp, Bt., only son of the late Sir John Crisp, Bt., and of Lady Crisp, of York House, York Street, W.1



Pearl Freeman

Miss Susan Angela Vian, elder daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Philip Vian, and Lady Vian, of Ladybrook, Bramshott, Hants, has announced her engagement to Lt. Harry Robert Keate, R.N., only son of the late Lt.-Cdr. H. A. D. Keate, D.S.O., R.N., and the late Mrs. Keate, and nephew of Miss Dorothy Henderson, of Oban, Argyll, and Rudgwick, Sussex



Fayer

Miss Rosemary H. Elliott-Smith, daughter of Air Commodore C. H. Elliott-Smith, A.F.C., and Mrs. Elliott-Smith, is engaged to Mr. William Talbot Gray, elder son of Sir William Gray, Bt., of Tunstall Manor, and Egglestone Hall, Co. Durham, and of the late Lady (Josephine) Gray

**DICKINSON—CARTER**

At St. Andrew's, Totteridge, Mr. Paul F. Scott Dickinson, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Dickinson, of Craneford Way, Twickenham, married Miss Pamela Jane Carter, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Carter, of Longland Drive, Totteridge, Herts

**BIRSE—RUSH**

The wedding took place at the Scot's Kirk, Bombay, of Mr. Peter C. Birse, son of Mr. A. H. Birse, of Wick Lodge, Catsey Lane, Bushey, Herts, and Miss Ann E. Rush, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Rush, of Edinburgh and Bombay

THEY WERE MARRIED *The TATLER'S Review***DIGBY—CLOWES**

Mr. Richard Everard Wingfield Digby, M.C., younger son of the late Canon S. H. Wingfield Digby, and of Mrs. Wingfield Digby, married Miss Bridget Lucy Vinicombe Clowes, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh M. Clowes, of Overbury Court, Alton, Hants, at Sherborne Abbey

**MILLS—WILSON**

Mr. Alan John Mills, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mills, of Southwood, Reigate, Surrey, was married at St. Nicholas's, Brockenhurst, Hants, to Miss Rosemary Ellis Wilson, only daughter of the late Dr. Thomas and Mrs. Wilson, of Hawks Lease, Lyndhurst

**POLAND—MASON**

At the church of St. Mary Aldermary, E.C., Lt.-Cdr. Richard Bengt Poland, R.N. (retd.), elder son of Cdr. and Mrs. John Poland, of Seal, Kent, married Miss Julia Marshall Mason, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Mason, of Craigans, Ifield, Sussex

**ORPEN-SMELLIE—WATSON**

Capt. Herbert John Orpen-Smellie, The Essex Regt., only son of the late Major W. A. Smellie and Mrs. Smellie, M.B.E., of The Bridge House, Lexden, Colchester, married Miss Jean Rackley Watson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Watson, of Dalehurst, Rhinobina, Cardiff, at Llanishen Church

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Book Reviews (Continuing from page 607)

A POWERFUL NOVEL FROM IRELAND

From illustration, we pass on to translation—how near *can* translation be?—how much is bound to be lost? A translation can itself be a work of art; but, alas, many are little more than distortions. For those of us who are wide readers but poor linguists the translator's function is, clearly, very important—of the novels reaching us from abroad, too many versions in English seem slipshod or creaking: in versions of this kind the inept translator cheats both author and reader!

Dr. Trevelyan on Kipling is magnificent; as he is, again, in defence of Sir Walter Scott (for defence, in some quarters, does seem required). In discussing Browning, he shows an equal sense of the soaring genius and curious limitations. His views on the historical novel, as those of a great historian, are of first importance, and should at no cost be missed by addicts of that particular type of fiction. Place-names in poetry give him a further subject; elsewhere, he is eloquent as to mountain poetry, which is a particular taste of his. George Meredith, as novelist, man and poet, should be restored to the readers he well deserves by Dr. Trevelyan's warm though critical tribute; and no less attention goes to A. E. Housman. On the Border Ballads, macabre and fierce, I am not sure that our speaker is not the best of all.

A *Layman's Love Of Letters* is a slim volume—unalarming, human, kindly colloquial. Exiles from literature should seek it out. For to read again, we find, is to ride again.

★ ★ ★

BENEDICT KIELY is among Ireland's leading younger novelists. *HONEY SEEMS BITTER*, his latest book (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), has a stark theme brightened by great visual beauty and warmed by sympathy for humanity. Crime, indeed murder, lies in the background of a three-sided love story: poor Lily Morgan's fate haunts the three main characters—Donagh Hartigan (the narrator), George Butler, Hartigan's friend but rival in love, and the reckless but inwardly frozen Emily. The scene is a village within reach of a city—presumably Belfast—where Hartigan, camping in a hut, is in course of recovering from a nervous breakdown, Butler puts up in the small hotel and goes into town to his business daily, and Emily dwells in the big stone house.

George Butler—handsome, successful, devil-may-care—goes out of his way to be good to the nervous Hartigan: well might he feel himself ill-rewarded when his protégé carries the day with Emily. Yet which of the two men, really, does this young woman love? The honey of Hartigan's seeming triumph tainted by the bitterness of uncertainty; brief, intense bliss is cut off by the other man's dire end, and Emily withdraws into the cold of mourning.

THE power of this story is in the writing: one is involved with the characters from the very start—everything that they say or do seems important. The scenes in Hartigan's book-filled hut, in Butler's hotel room with the pin-up beauties and well-stocked bar, and in the little riverside town, where the lovers find an agonized happiness, are vivid and more than lifelike: they are as haunting as dreams. This may be, partly, because all is felt and seen by a man restraining excited nerves—the narrator's hyperaesthesia adds a further momentousness to his story. The Pyramid Bar, the streets, the courthouse, the racecourse are depicted with a cinematographic sharpness.

As a character, Emily is the least convincing: we have a totally dramatized, outward view of her; no practical details of her existence—other than the fact that she dashes about in a blue car, and consorts with a saturnine girl friend, Jill—have been supplied—nor, in the artistic sense, are these in any way necessary to the story. But one *does* wonder about her—how for instance did the daughter of the "Big House" come to be running around with all sorts, night and day, so remarkably wild and free? For Ireland is a conventional, class-bound country, and Emily was, after all, the daughter at home.

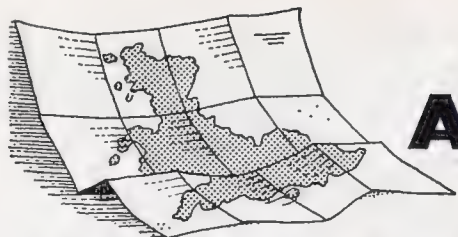
The pathetic, lately crazed Lily Morgan, whom we only know retrospectively after her violent death, somehow has more solidity as a woman, as also has Hartigan's sluttish neighbour. George Butler, with his dark temper, dominant masculinity and boisterous generosity, has been splendidly drawn. All-in-all, *Honey Seems Bitter* merits a high place in this spring's fiction list and, still better, an abiding place in the reader's memory.

★ ★ ★

THERE was one day in time after which the world was never the same again. *LITTLE HEYDAY*, by Hubert Nicholson (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.), pictures that day going by in a Yorkshire farmhouse—a small boy is scared by geese, a favourite mare breaks her leg and has to be shot, an engagement to marry is celebrated—and far away, in unheard-of Sarajevo, an Archduke and Archduchess are assassinated. For the day is June 28, 1914: a spark has ignited the world—now, World War One, with its unending backwash of change and trouble!

Beautiful, therefore, seems that English north-country day in its sunshine, its busyness, its unconsciousness—to be looked back upon with a "little, then, did we know!" Mr. Nicholson has found an inspired idea for a novel, and carried it out with a good simplicity. Dicky (the boy), his mother, his aunts, his grandfather are more than "characters"—can they be part of memory? Mr. Nicholson surely did live that day through! He was, we learn, born and educated in Hull, and now works in Fleet Street. Poems as well as novels are among his published literary work, and *Little Heyday*, though cheerfully naturalistic, has in its make-up a certain poetic quality.

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Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

LANGHOLM

EIGHTY-TWO years ago the Langholm Rugby Football Club played its first match when Carlisle made their first visit to Scotland, and in this long space of time these two venerable clubs, both founded the same year, have met annually. This is the oldest unbroken fixture between English and Scottish clubs.

The Langholm, most ancient of the Border clubs, was instituted in 1872 when teams consisted of twenty players a side. It is rather remarkable that a thinly populated Border town such as Langholm has for so long not only maintained first-class Rugby, but possesses such an excellent ground as Milntown, headquarters of the Eskdale club. This was made possible by the generosity of the Duke of Buccleuch, honorary president of Langholm, in granting the club a long lease at a nominal rental.

IN its early years the club enjoyed a number of successful seasons, but the nineties witnessed one of those uneventful periods that come to all clubs. During that time, however, Langholm produced two outstanding players in T. Scott, awarded eleven international caps and later president of the Scottish Rugby Union and the club, and D. Elliot, who played in three Championship finals for Cumberland.

Between the two World Wars, Langholm was never really a strong side, but by concentrating on a hard forward type of game achieved many unexpected victories. Then the leading players were R. B. Beattie, T. G. Elliot, J. Goodfellow, capped in 1928, and the notable half-back partnership of J. McGlasson and J. K. Armstrong, which continued successfully until 1947.

SINCE the war Langholm has come right to the front of the Border clubs, and probably has its finest side since the illustrious eighties, under the leadership of H. S. P. Monro. Other prominent players who wear the crimson and blue colours include W. I. Armstrong, V. Gray, J. Telford, A. Woodhouse, J. M. Maxwell, all Scottish trialists, and D. M. Scott, who has made ten international appearances for Scotland in the postwar years.

The club has always participated in the Border seven-a-side tournaments, and successful teams have completed at Hawick, Galashiels, Selkirk and Kelso. The Scottish season always concludes on the Langholm ground, when the club stages its own tournament of the abbreviated game.

Off the field of play, none has served the club better than its president, Alex Scott, or its two principal officers, C. Elliot and Robert R. Rae, in this Rugger-minded town of Dumfriesshire.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

ANNE RODGERS and Anthony Hayes, with pianist Stan Edwards and an additional piano and drums, sing "I Could Be Happy With You" and "A Room In Bloomsbury" from the Sandy Wilson current hit *The Boy Friend*. They have recorded both with the same naive charm that has brought them success in the theatre, but this is scarcely enough.

I am all in favour of new voices on records, and I wish Miss Rodgers and Mr. Hayes the longest possible career as gramophone record artists, but I believe they must project their personalities way beyond the footlights of Wyndham's Theatre if they are to make the kind of niche Binnie Hale and Jack Buchanan made for themselves in the twenties which, after all, is the period selected for the entire conception of this musical piece.

This double-sided ten-inch record is so different from the general run of similar recordings today that it may well be members of the buying public will respond in their millions. I hope for all concerned that such will be the case. I cannot help feeling, however, that this time Anne Rodgers and Anthony Hayes have only given us an unpretentious souvenir of the show, which in Kalamazoo, for example, may well seem to be not quite enough!

Robert Tredinnick

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